MOCK POEM,

Or,

WHIGGS SUPPLICATION.

PART I.

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PART I.

THE *AUTHOR'S* APOLOGY To the READER.

Christian Reader,

VErses are like Ladies faces, good or bad, as they are fancied (saith *Don Quixot*) and *Mock Poems*, which bite not, are like Eggs eaten without Salt (saith another of the same Metal) that is, whose Tongue was a great deal wiser then his Head.

In those following Lines I am more Tart to none then to my self: And therefore I may be excused if I tell in Rhime how

some used me in Prose; I speak truth which is expedient to be known, and therefore no Lawyer will aver I transgress the Law.

With all the world beside, I am like a blind man, dealing blows, not knowing whom I hit: If any shall challenge me that I touch them, I will answer, that I knew not so much before they informed me, as answered that famous Satyrist to a Noble *Roman*, who expostulated with him for smiting him in a Poem.

I am many wayes wronged: And first, by Transcribers, who stealing Copies of my Lines, have transmitted them every where, like Pictures on the wrong side of *Arras* Hangings, spoiled with Thrumbs and Threeds, or like Faces disfigured by the Pox, great or small, as ye please: Or like Sermons repeated by Children and Serving Lasses in a Presbyterian Family-Exercise: Or like one of Bishop *Andrews* Sermons repeached the other day by an Expectant, in his Episcopal Trial for the Ministery.

I

I am, Secondly, wronged by false Copies, and that by men either malicious to bring me to trouble, or ignorant, not apprehending my scope, who in stead of mending my Lines, have marred then all. And who striving to pull me out of the Mire, hath thrown me into the Well, not to wash me, but to drown me: Or into the Fire, not to dry me, but to burn me.

Thirdly, I am most of all prejudged by the late *Dutch* War, which occasioned the bringing in of such superfluity of Brandie, which entering the brain of some of the worshippers of *Bacchus*, hath there hatched Glosses of my Lines, like that of *Orleance*, destroying the Text.

Those Brandy-Interpreters may be compared to Children espying shapes and figures in the fire; Or to those who are giddie with drink, imagining apparitions in the Clouds; or to old Wives Commenting on *Merlins* or

Rymers Propheſies; Or to bad Divine expounding the *Revelation*, who obtrud groundleſs fancies upon the ignorant multi tude, for Evangelical truths.

If thoſe Gentlemen hit my meaning, an cenſure is too little for me; If not, n puniſhment is too great for them: And tha for two reaſons.

Firſt, becauſe they apply Paſſages of my Line to men of honour, of whom (God is my wit neſs) I did not dream. Secondly, becauſ they make the World believe I am biting thoſe whoſe wounds I am licking, given by th biting of other Dogs.

Theſe things conſidered, it is eaſie to an ſwer all which is objected againſt me. And firſt, ſome of the Society of *Gotham* Col ledge had an intention to burn my Lines, be cauſe I bring in Whiggs ſpeaking too boldly in the Supplication, and elſe where. But I anſwer, If thoſe Gentlemen ſpeak as they think,

think, I commend their zeal, but not their wisdome; And who ever shall take the pains to burn them for Witches, will lose both Coals and labour. I demand of them, if one should pen a Play of the Powder-plot, and bring in the Conspirators, exhorting each other to blow up the Parliament-house, who will tax the Author of Treason? or who will tax the Psalmist of Athiesm, for averring, *The fool hath said in his Heart, There is not a God?* All not meer Ignorants know it is permitted to Poets, good or bad, to personate a discourse, that is, to bring in Rebels speaking Treason, and Athiests Blasphemy; And why may not I, a Poetaster, or Poets Ape, bring in fools speaking foolishly, and wise men wisely, and yet be neither a wise man nor a fool my self? And if I be neither, I must either be a mix'd man, or else nothing. And in effect some call me a mix'd man, others

nothing:

nothing: But since those who call me no thing are highly offended at me, they must of necessity confess they are offended at no thing: I am more charitable to them, I think they are something. What sort of thing it is, all the world knoweth, what ever it be it is worse then nothing.

They object, Secondly, that without Authority I have imposed a grievous Taxation upon the Liedges, in exacting five Dollors for every Copy, which may be called treason.

But I answer; since I charge them not with Horning to make payment, the worst they can call it is but begging, which it is not, but a nameless Contract, *Do ut des.* And at first I did not dream of taking Money for those Lines, until some known bitter enemies to the Presbyterians enforced each of them five Dollors on me for a Copy: they told me, I might as well take Money for Rhime, as Ministers and Lawyers for Prose.

Profe, and Phyſicians for nothing, and worſe then nothing; Some Pleading, Preaching, and Curing (it is true) deſerves Money a great deal better then my Lines: But it is as true, that ſome of all three deſerves it worſe; If my Lines do no good, they do no hurt to the Souls, Bodies, or Eſtates of any.

Secondly, I demand Money of no Man, yea, I refuſe it when it is offered, not in jeſt, until they make it appear they offer it in earneſt, which they do many wayes; ſome throw Money on the ground, ſome on the Table; Some tell they'l have none of my Lines, except I take their Money; Some ſay I undervalue them, when I refuſe their Money; Some ſay, they are abler to give me Money, then I am to want it; ſome bid Devil break their neck if I take not their Money: Some bid God damn them if I take not their Money: yea, I can inſtruct, that a Sea-Captain offered to ſtrike off my

head

head with a Shable, If I refus'd his Money: but the more moderat put Money unaworſe in the Pocket of my Coat, which many think I keep unbuttoned of purpoſe. Miſtake me not, *Reader*, I am not inſtructing how Money ſhould be offered, but how it ſhould not be offered, leſt I take it.

Thirdly, that I am not avaricious, appears by my vowing to take no Money from *Miniſters* and *Ladies*, but they ſay I take Gold. But I anſwer, they eluded my vow by equivocation, putting Gold unaworſe in the neck of my Doublet, and then run away, and I following to reſtore it, ſtumbled. They inſtance I ſtumbled of purpoſe that I might not reach them: But they are ſtill miſtaken, for a Lady having uſed me ſo, I followed her to her Chamber, and when I endeavoured to return her Gold to her pocket, her Maid (miſtaking my meaning) thinking perhaps

I was ſearching for the wrong Pocket, tax'd me of incivility; So I was neceſſitate either to keep her Gold, or elſe be thought uncivil to a Lady: let any indifferent man judge which was the leaſt of the two evils. However, *Reader*, tempt me not with Gold, except thou be in earneſt. It dazeleth the eyes of the wiſe, and therefore no marvel it blind thoſe of a fool.

The third Objection againſt me is, that ſome affirm I am a bad Poet. But I anſwer, that nothing can more offend a Poet and a Fidler, then telling them they want skill: If in effect they be unskilful, as I am; And therefore no marvel if I reply in a fury that it is moſt true that I am a bad Poet, and yet they are notorious liars in avering it, becauſe they do ſo out of malice, not knowing whether they ſpeak true or falſe. All the world knoweth they never made a greater progreſs in Poeſie

then the making of an Ale-houſe Roundelay, and that a bad one. It were baſe in me to upbraid them with want of skill in their own profeſſions, in which they brag they have ſuch inſight; As to one of them, a Phyſician, that he took the piſs of a Ston'd-horſe for that of a Woman with Child: To another, a Mineraliſt, who laid a wager of ten Dollors, a piece of Brimſtone was a piece of Silver; To a third, a Palmeſter, to whom, when a Boy in Girles apparel was brought in to him to have his hand viewed, ſuperciliouſly pronounced, the Girle would have three Husbands, bring forth nine Children, and die of the tenth. It were moſt baſe in me to tell them they are fit for nothing, except ſome will take them on to be Taſters of Drink: Neither are they fit for that but in the Morning, for in the Afternoon many times they are in the Category of

Plants

Plants that is without ſenſe and reaſon, having the uſe of no ſoul but the Vegitative. I could inſtance other things of that nature, But I forbear, leſt the perſons be diſcovered.

Secondly, to be a bad Poet may well be a ſhame, it is no ſin; Neither is it a ſhame for me in this firſt eſſay, withal my intention is to make men laugh, and not to vex them: But bad Lines many times cauſeth more mirth then good ones. Where one laughs at the Poems of *Virgil, Homer, Arioſto, Du Bartas, &c.* twenty will laugh at thoſe of *John Cockburn*, or Mr. *Zacharie Boyd*. What Hypocondriaq; would not preſently be cured at the reading of thoſe Lines.

There was a man called Job
Dwelt in the Land of Uz,
He had a good gift of the Gob.
The ſame caſe happen us.

Or

Or of thoſe,
Abſolom *hang'd on a Tree,*
Crying Gods mercie:
Then Joab *came in, angry was he,*
And put a Spear in his Arſie.

Or of thoſe of John Cockburn.
Samuel *was ſent to* France,
To learn to ſing and dance,
And play upon a Fiddle:
Now hee's a man of great eſteem,
His Mother got him in a dream,
At Culroſs *on a Girdle.*

For my part, if I were a great man, I would ſooner give Gold for ſuch Lines, then Copper for all the Heroick Oracles, of *Seneca's* Tragedies.

If any have more to object, let them impart it to me: And if I cannot excuſe my ſelf in reaſon, I am willing to ſatisfie the Law,

Law, I think it very ſtrange that ſome grave and reverend men, ſhould ſo wrong their Conſcience to traduce me; ſince without hurting their Conſcience they may ſpeak ſo much evil of me and not lie, as I may likewiſe do of them.

In the end I give the Argument of a Second Part, which will prove as harmleſs as a Whitred without teeth, except ſome ſhall be pleaſed to call Ears Horns.

One word more, Reader, and I ſhall trouble thee no further; when thou haſt peruſed my Lines, and found them a cheat, it cannot but vex thee that thou haſt beſtowed thy money to no purpoſe. But I intreat thee to conſider that the only remedy is to conceal the cheat, by commending ſtill my Lines to others, that thou may laugh when they ſhall be cheated as well as thy ſelf: In doing of which thou ſhall be a more Chriſtian Liar then thoſe who undervalue my Lines, albeit they underſtand them

them no more then they do the Prophet *Ezechiel*, as appears by their Commentaries on that Propher, ready for the Press, if they were once dead.

Farewel.

S. C.

MOCK

MOCK POEM,

Or,

WHIGGS SUPPLICATION.

PART I.

Argument.

Ster invocking of the Muſe,
As many learned Poets uſe:
Next is deſcrib'd the time of year
When Whiggs in Armour did appear,
The Good-man's Perſon, and his Weed,
His Armour, Lady, Squire, and Steed,
Dog, and Pigeon, and his mind
All Allegories, where ye find

Clothed with many a senſleſs word,
Myſterious things, not with a turd:
As ſaid one in a reverend Coat,
Or elſe he underſtood them not.
As lately, when he Scripture-vext,
He forc'd was to ſay off his Text:
And then ye have a ſupplication
Greatly miſconſtrued of the Nation.
At firſt they diſpute how to mend it;
And then adviſe by whom to ſend it:
Where *Knight* and *Squire* each other thump,
As did *De Ruyter* and *Van Trump*.

Who ever thou art, Muſe, who doſt make
By force of Brandy, Ale, and Sack,
Some who both words and matter want,
Admired of the ignorant:
In whom ſagacious noſes ſnuff;
Nought worth but Plagiary ſtuff,
By which they purchaſe praiſe and money,
When Bees have toil'd, Drons eat the Honey.

Inſpire

Inſpire me with Poetick furie,
That I may likewiſe favour *Currie*:
VVith all men to augment my Pack,
By making Lines not worth a Plack:
Some of eight Syllabs, ſome of ten,
Some borrowed from other men:
As *Cleveland*, *Don*, or *Taſs* Divine,
Some ill tranſlated from *Marine*;
Some *Oedipus* cannot not unridle,
Some ſounding like a blind mans Fiddle,
Obſerving neither tune nor time,
Some nonſenſe to make up the Rime.
Though I ſpeak true, or falſe, no matter,
If I traduce, ſome others flatter.
So ſundry men were uſ'd of late,
As they were on or off the State.
Grant that I may curb all Backbiters,
Of Surplice, High-ſleev'd Gowns, and Miters,
And Church-governing Paradoxes,
Of *Calvins* followers, and *Knoxes*.

In myſtick allegorick tone,
Scarce underſtood by any one.
Grant me to ſcold, revile and prat,
Shame fall me, if my ſelf knows what:
When Rhime burſts out from breaſt inrag'd,
Like turds from puddings overcharg'd;
Some galling, other ſome to laughter,
Moving like Parrat when it's taught her.
Hoping my prayer thou wilt hear,
O Muſe! have at the time of year;
When Whiggs from lurking-holes did ſally,
And in the open fields did rally.

It was about the time when Oyſters
Abound ſo with venereous moyſtures,
That they are uſed Even and Morn
By thoſe that do their Neighbour horn;
Which doth their prices ſo inhance
At *Englands* Court, and that of *France*,
That Oyſter-Wives have money ready
To make their Daughter ſomtime Lady:
As doth appear by one of late Whoſe

Whoſe Son-in-Law bore ſway in State.
When ſnow makes dikes and mountains white,
When folks by Phyſick ſeldom ſhite,
Except there be ſome Pocky reaſon;
When Mutton weareth out of ſeaſon,
In ſtead of which, at every meal,
When men eat roſted Hens and Veal.
And thoſe at *Forth* eat *Garvie* Fiſhes,
Then fitteſt to be ſerv'd in diſhes;
Which to the pallat pleaſing proves,
Like *Adriatiq*; Gulph Anchoves.
When that the Blak bird hoarſly whiſtles,
When Trouts and *Abercorn* Muſsles
Are ſtark nought; when that the Swallow
Lyes ſleeping in her own tallow,
Within ſome ſub-terranean hole;
When under the Antarctiq; Pole
There is no night, under our other,
A man cannot diſcern his Brother,
It is ſo dark; when Summers heats
Scroatcheth the *Magellaniq*; ſtraits,

And burneth up the Corn and Hay
About the *Caput bonæ Spei*:
If that be tedious to remember,
It was in *January*, or *December*,
When I did see the out-law Whiggs
Ly scattered up and down the Riggs:
Some had Hoggers, some Straw Boots,
Some uncovered Legs and Coots:
Some had Halbards, some had Durks,
Some had crooked Swords like *Turks*:
Some had Stings, some had Flails
Knit with Eel and Oxen tails:
Some had Spears, some had Pikes,
Some had Spades which delved Dikes:
Some had Guns with rousty Ratches,
Some had fiery Peats for Mitches.
Some had Bows, but wanted Arrows,
Some had Pistols without marrows;
Some had the Coulter of a Plough:
Some Syths had, men and horse to hough:
And some with a *Lochaber* Ax,

Resolv'd

Reſolv'd to give *Dalzell* his paiks.
Some had Croſs-Bows, ſome were Slingers,
Some had only Knives and Whingers.
But moſt of all, believe who liſts,
Had nought to fight with, but their Fiſts:
They had no Collours to diſplay,
They wanted Order and Array:
Their Officers and Motion-teachers
Were very few, beſide their Preachers.
Without Horſe. or Artilzery-pieces,
They thought to imitate the *Swiſes*;
When from *Navar* they ſallied out.
Tremovile and brave *Trivulce* to rout.
For Martial Muſick, every day
They uſed oft to ſing and pray;
Which hearts them more when danger comes,
Then others Trumpets and their Drums.
With ſuch proviſion as they had,
They were ſo ſtout, or elſe ſo mad,
As to petition once again,
And if the iſſue proved vain,

They

They were resolv'd with one accord
To fight the battles of the Lord.

Upon their head march'd the *Good-man*,
Like *Scanderbeg*, or *Tamerlane*.
Dame Nature straind her outmost care,
To mould him for a man of War:
A terrible and a dreadfull foe.
As doth appear from top to toe.
The shape and fashion of his head,
Was like a Con, or Pyramid:
Or for to speak in terms more groff,
was just like Suggar Loaf:
Or like the head of *Rob* the Cripple,
Or like the spear of *Magdalen* Steeple:
Or like the bottom of a Tap,
Or like a furr'd *Muscovia* Cap.
They who the South-east Countries haunts,
Affirm such heads have Turkish Saints:
Which as some learned Writers notes,
Are here with us call'd Idiots.

Because

Becauſe long hair the wit dot dull,
Nought was between Heaven and his Skull:
His Ears was long, and ſtood upright,
Which did ſo well become the Knight:
That at ſome diſtance he ſeem'd horn'd,
His one eye was with pearl adorn'd;
His other eye lookt ſo a-ſquint,
That it was hard to ward his dint:
From thence down to his mouth aroſe
A mountain rather then a noſe;
Upon which Savage beaſts did feed,
As Worms, and Selkhorns, which with ſpeed
Would eat it up, but he begins
In time to pick them out with Pins.
His lips were thick, his mouth was wide,
His teeth each other did beſtride:
His tongue was big, though well he meant,
He was not very eloquent.
His beard was long, and red, and thin,
Making a Ball-green on his Chin:
As trees do ſometime in a Wood,

Where

Where Horſe and Oxen gather food:
His Arms were ſtiff like Barrow-trams,
His Hands were hued like reiſted Hams:
At Finger-ends he never fails
To have the King of *Babel's* Nails,
Which ſooner then a Knife, by half,
Will cut the throat of Sheep or Calf.
When he, not loving to be idle,
Turns Cook to any Peny-Bridle.
They ſcrape up Works about his Leagure,
A great deal ſtronger, and far bigger
Then thoſe made by *Don Pedro Saa*,
When *Spinola* beſiedg'd *Breda*.
He had a Lump upon his Back,
Which ſome took for a Pedlers Pack:
But other ſome did it ſuppoſe
A Bagg which kept his Meal for Broſe.
But neither conjecture was good,
It was a lump of Fleſh and Blood.
His Womb ſtood out an ell before,
As far behiud his Bumm, and more:

When

When overcharg'd, it made a ſound,
Which did like Earthquake ſhake the ground.
With which, as Sentrie, when he ſleeps,
His Cloaths from Mice and Rats he keeps;
Which to his Pockets ſwarm like Bees,
Finding the ſmell of Bread and Cheeſe,
Which ſeveral times the fainting Knight
Doth take for Cordials in the night.
But when the Beaſts do hear the Thunder,
They'r ſo amaz'd with fear and wonder,
That to the Gate go Mice and Rats,
As faſt, as if purſu'd by Cats.
Was never man in thoſe Dominions.
About whoſe Legs were more opinions.
Firſt, there are many who avow
They are like an inverted V.
And other ſome do ſtiffly jangle,
That they and Thighs make a Quadrangle.
Some think, that Thighs joyning, they gape,
In Circular, or Oval ſhape:
And other ſome are, who avouch

Them

Then Semi-circles in a touch,
And other ſome, there are who tells,
They'r Semi-circles paralels.
But thoſe who on them better looked,
Say one was ſtraight, the other crooked:
Not as in touching they did make,
That famous Angle of Contact.
Which *Euclids* demonſtration ſhows,
If in their Juncture ye put ſtraws.
The truth is, they in every thing,
Reſemble do a Bow and String;
The one ſtraight to the other bending,
Is like a Chord an Arch ſubtending:
In which Schem, if ye draw ſome Lines,
Ye may have Secants, Tangents, Sines,
Which Ale-pot meaſuring much enables,
By help of Logarithmiq; Tables;
Which queſtions ſooneſt do decide,
For by Subſtraction they Divide,
And Multiplieth by Addition,
As now doth Popiſh ſuperſtition,

Which multiplieth every day,
Having ſome added to its way.
Their entry to that Church is fine,
They Re-baptize them all with Wine,
Which their Apoſtles think far better
To waſh away mens ſins, then water.
Now all's deſcrib'd to feet and toes,
Which I could not ſee for his ſhooes:
Some ſay, his toes, who ſaw his feet,
Reſembled an Alphabet,
Greek, Syriack, or Arabick,
Or Breviations Stenographick;
Which they do counterfeit like Apes,
With great variety of ſhapes.

You may believe it as your Creed:
Such was his Armour and his weed;
He wore a pair of Pullion Breeches,
A Yellow Doublet with blew Steeches,
A long black Caſſock over his Ars,
As he had been the fool of *Mars*:

He

He had on each Leg a Gramaſh,
A Top of Lint for his Panaſh,
Which bravely flouriſh'd in his Creſt,
A folded Cloak for Back and Breaſt.
A Glove of Plate, which once was worn
By Black *Dowglas* at *Bannockburn*.
For Head-piece, a Cowl lin'd with Iron,
Which did his Temples ſo inviron,
That it would coſt a world of pains
For any to beat out his Brains.
A Blunderbuſh hang'd at his back,
Of terrible report and crack;
As have a lower Tire of Guns,
Shot from a Ship of many Tuns.
A Horſe he never doth beſtride,
Without a Piſtol at each ſide:
And without other two before,
One at either Sadle Tore.
But now when he hath much ado,
He hath one in each Pocket too.
A Sword which woundeth deep and wide,

A Target of a ſeven-fold Hide:
A very ſtrange enchanted Lance,
Whoſe touch makes men from Sadle dance
As ſometimes of old did another,
Belonging to *Angeliques* Brother,
And after to the *Engliſh* Duke,
As mentions *Arioſto*'s Book.
And thus with more Arms he doth ride,
Then other twenty had beſide.
Whether he gain the day, or tine,
He never miſſeth to kill nine:
As doth appear to all who reckons,
Juſtly the number of his Weapons.
Among ten thouſand, all alone,
With every Weapon he kills one.
Some ſay, he uſed to take lives
With Whingers, and *Kilmarnock* Knives:
But he thinks that belongs to Boutchers,
And others, like *Damæta*'s Coutchers.
For when with any he doth ſwagger,
He ſeldome uſeth Knife, or Dagger:

Except

Except they come in wreſtling terms,
Permitted by the Law of Arms.
The Laws of Knighthood he doth keep,
Not killing Men like Calves or Sheep.

I ask'd at ſeveral who he was,
Some ſaid he was Sir *Hudibras*,
Deceived by his boulky Paunch:
Some ſaid *Don Quixot de la Maunch*,
Which was more like then was the other,
In many things he was his Brother.

Firſt, in his head were many fancies,
Bred by the reading of Romances.
He thought before the day of Doom
The Covenanters would burn *Rome*,
And trample down the Man of Sin,
He thought the work he would begin,
And to the glory of his Nation,
Accompliſh all the *Revelation*.
Prat what they pleaſe in Popiſh Schools,

Hammond and *Grotius* were but fools,
Who ſay, it is fulfil'd already,
Muſt think they prayed to our Lady.
They aim'd at Reconciliation,
Between the Pope and every Nation.
All other things they could pack up,
If ye take not from them the Cup:
And they had reaſon, for in truth,
Some think they had a burning drouth.

Next, like *Don Quixot*, ſome ſuppoſe,
He had a Lady *Del to Boſe*,
Who never budged from his ſide,
Upon a pair of Sodds aſtride:
By whoſe ſole induſtry and care,
He manag'd all the holy War.
We read in greateſt Warriours lives,
They oft were ruled by their Wives.
The Worlds Conquerour, *Alexander*,
Obey'd a Lady his Commander,
And *Anthony* that Drunkard keen

Was rul'd by his laſcivious *Queen*.
King *Arthur* for his VVifes ſake,
Winkt at *Lancelot Du Lake*,
Though to his opprobry and ſcorn,
He cheriſht one himſelf to horn.
They ſay, that now are many others
Who in that caſe are *Arthurs* brothers.
So the imperious *Roxalan*,
Made the great *Turk John Thomſons* man.
Another Warriour, all his life
Was alſo ruled by his Wife:
Albeit before their death aroſe
Some ſtrife between them for her Poſe.

Thirdly, like *Quixot*, he a Squire,
Had *Zancho* call'd to whet his ire,
When in a fury he did wreſtle
With Giant, or Inchanted Caſtle.
Or like *Don Quixot* with Wind-Mills,
Or with *Dalzel* at *Pentland*-Hills.
Or when, like *Perſeus*, he was ready

To fight a Monſter for a Lady:
Being victorious in the ſtrife,
He ſtill refus'd the Nymph to Wife;
And that with ſuch a modeſt grace
As Fames Knight did the Heir of *Thrace*:
To which Squire, the bounteous Knight
Promiſed either *Man*, or *Wight*,
Gernſey, or *Jerſey*, or ſome Iſle,
With a Lord Governours Style.
When he ſhould beat his foes aſunder,
And bring the Whore of *Babel* under.

Laſtly, on *Quixot*'s *Rozinant*
He rode, who took the Covenant.
As many think, none of the Nation
Could make him take the Declaration.
Some endeavour'd to have the Horſe
Proclaimed Rebel from the Croſs,
Which though they did with open throats,
The Horſe eats ſtill his Hay and Oats:
Not dreaming that in any thing

He Country did offend, or King:
The wiſeſt Lawyers of the Nation;
Adviſ'd him to make Appellation;
Becauſe it was againſt all reaſon
To condemn a Beaſt for treaſon;
Which reaſon, at a tippling Can,
Had ſav'd his Maſter the Good-man:
If after his rebellious Journey,
He had met with a King's Atturney,
VVho could by Law and Reaſon ſhow,
He greater beaſt was of the two.
Or with another, who for riches
Stood for inceſtuous VVhoors and VVitches
Or any other, whom ye liſt
So they did well anoint his Fiſt.

Beſide his Horſe, he had a Dog,
So us'd to traverſe Hill and Bog,
That he became of ſcent ſo cliver,
As to miſs neither Hare nor Pliver.
He turns himſelf in Horſe or Hog,

As *Monſeur* did *Agrippa's* Dog ;
To find by his ſagacious noſe,
The counterploting of his foes.
He treads the Back-ſcent, brings a Glove,
And carries Letters to his Love :
He is a fierce Dog, yet moſt civil,
Kills Fiſh, whoſe Livers frights the Devil.
He barks at *Anabaptiſt*, *Quaker*,
Papiſt, and *Declaration-taker* :
But he will gently fawn, and ſtand
To lick a *Covenanters* hand.

Beſide his Dog, he hath a Pigeon,
Moſt do not know of what Religion:
She was the ſame, as many fear,
Which once eat Peaſe in *Mahomets* ear ;
VVhich, when ſhe did, the Carl did boaſt,
That he ſpoke with the Holy Ghoſt.
His Epilepſie for to recover,
If once imploy'd, ſhe doth not hover ;
But will make the whole worlds tour,

And come again within an hour :
Sometimes she his Orders carries
To the *Azores*, and *Canaries*:
As Quarter-mistriss, to ordain,
In which the first Meridian
Should lodged be, for Calculation
Of Longitudes in Navigation.
Sometimes he sends her in Embassage
Out through the North-East *Indian* passag
To tell the great *Tartarian Cham*,
A piece of a *West-Phalia* Hamm
Is better meat, when hunger nips,
Then Collops off live-Horses Hips :
That we who here drink Sack and Brandy,
Well tempered with Suggar-Candy,
A great deal better then he fares,
Who drinks Horse Blood, or Milk of Mares
Sometime to *Peru*, and to *Chilly*
She goes, to tell our Prophet *Lilly*
Foreseeth neither good nor evil,
Abandon'd by his *Arctiq*; Devil;

Who

Whom the late great Froſt did compell
To run and warm himſelf in Hell.
That ſhe might bring from thence a Spirit
Of greater foreſight, and of merit,
For to aſſiſt the great Diviner
The better for to win his Dinner.
Sometime to *Turk* ſhe goes, and *Sophy*,
To tell their Water and their Cophy,
And their ſevere ſlighting of Wine,
Makes them ſo with the Collick pine;
Which torment is with them ſo rife,
It coſt *Mahomet* the Great his life;
For when the Collick he did take,
And did refuſe a Cup of Sack,
He worried on a windy Bubble,
And fred the World of meikle trouble.
If they'l drink Wine, they need not fear
Their Prophet, for his thouſand year
Are now expired, all in vain
They expect his return again.

Thus

Thus of his Perſon, Armour, VVeed,
His Lady, Squire, and of his Steed,
Dog, and Pigeon; for his mind,
He leaves all mortals far behind.
All things created he doth know,
In Heav'n above, and Earth below:
He ſolves the Queſtions every one
That *Sheba*'s Queen ask'd *Solomon*:
Or any other knotty doubt,
That can occur the world throughout.
Neither doth he prat and bable,
Like *Pliny* Painting out a Fable.
At firſt, he makes a clear Narration,
And then backs all by Demonſtration.
He knows whether the great *Megall*
Doth drink out of his Fathers Skull,
Or if he make a Chamber-pot
Of that of King of *Calcecut*.
If it be prov'd by any man
That he is come of *Tamerlan*;

Or if he keep Tobacco cut
In *Tortois* Shell, or *Coco* Nut.
If the Balm and Franckincenſe-keepers,
By ratling, drive away the Vipers,
VVhich with ſuch ardor haunts thoſe Trees,
As with us Garden-Flowres do Bees:
Or if they do thoſe Serpents choak,
As Eaſterlings their Bees do ſmoak:
VVhich made two great wits, as men think,
Spend too much Paper, Pen, and Ink.
If *Ichneumon* and *Crocodile*
Do fight in *Niger*, as in *Nile*;
Or if we ought to believe them,
VVho ſay, *Melchiſedec* was not *Sem*;
VVhich raiſed once a Fiſty ſtrife
Between a Preacher and his VVife.
If any man yet ever born
Did ſee Phenix or Unicorn?
If there be a Philoſopher Stone?
If Men who have no Leg but one,
VVith broad Soles, which by Toures.

Defend

Defends their Heads from Sun and Showres?
If the Emperor *Preſter John*
Be the Off-ſpring of *Solomon*?
If thoſe who lately conquer'd *China*,
Be the Brothers-Sons of *Dina*?
Who to thoſe North-Eaſt parts were turned,
When *Aſſur*'s King *Samaria* burned.
If *Romes* Founders Wolfs did ſuck?
If *Job* in *Edom* was a Duke?
If Captain *Hynd* was a good fellow?
If *Wallace* Beard was black or yellow?
Which raiſed once a great diſcord
Between a Weſtern Laird and Lord.
If roſted Eggs be beſt, or ſodden?
If *James* the Fourth was kill'd at *Floden*?
Which made two School-men borrow Swords,
That they might fight after big words.
If Sword, or Surfeit moe men kill?
Who had the better at *Edge-hill*?
Which made two Ladies other jeer,
A Round-head and a Cavaleer:

Both

Both harped ſo on the ſeen ruffle,
That it turn'd to a ſcratch-eye ſcuffle:
At laſt both conclude to agree,
Both of them vowing ſecreſie.
Where meets the Brethren of *Croſs Roſie*?
What ſums the *Spaniard* in *Potoſie*
Gains yearly by their Silver-Mines:
Since thirty eight who wins or tines.
He knows the price of Jewels and Rings,
And hidden cauſes of ſundry things.
As of the Compaſs variation,
Of *Nile* and *Nigers* inundation.
VVhy *Ireland* wanteth Toad and Snake,
VVhy ſome men white, and ſome Moors black.
VVhy *Regulus* eye makes men leave breath,
VVhy Spiders bite, them dance to death
VVhy men *Tarantula* do not fear,
But at ſome ſeaſons of the year.
VVhy Devils muſick do not pleaſe:
VVhat ſort of thing is *Ambergreaſe*,
If Iron *Magnes*, or it Iron

Attract? If Sea or Land inviron
That frozen great Magnetick Rock,
Under the Pole, where what a Clock
There cannot be made any trial,
The one year's half, by *Phœbus* Dial?
By the Seas motion he doth find
A North-East passage to the *Inde*:
Another he finds by the North-VVest,
VVhere *Davies* freezed to his rest:
VVhen Icy Mountains did occurr,
And stopt his course to *Mar del Zurr*:
But he hath found a brave device,
That he may free those Seas from Ice;
He empties all the VVater, syne
He fills the place with Brandy-wine,
VVhich hardly will congeal with Frost,
If VVhales turn drunk, and Fishing lost;
Yet lose we not by that device,
For VVhale Oyl we get *Indian* Spice.
All other ways are but a cheat,
To fetch some Money from the State.

It's

It's wonder they have ſharkt ſo much.
Both from the *Engliſh* and the *Dutch*.

He prov'd, on perill of his Soul,
Presbyterian-rule by *Paul*.
He thought, none but a fooliſh man
Made *Antichriſt* the ſon of *Dan*.
He thought by the Apoſtles meaning,
Voice Negative, and ſole ordaining,
VVas the very myſtery
Of *Antichriſt*'s iniquity,
VVhich near his own time did begin
To uſher in the Man of Sin.
He thought, if Biſhops had not been,
A Pope of *Rome* had ne're been ſeen.
But now he thinketh Church Government
A thing of ſmall, or no concernment:
As ready as any ever born
For Biſhops, if he had not ſworn.
If *Dutch* and *Engliſh* truth report,
He knows about th' *Amboyna* Fort,

If thoſe two *Indian* Ships were ſunk,
And burnt by *Dutch*, when they were drunk.
VVho firſt began the VVar in *Guinie*,
VVhere *Holms* and *Ruyter* play'd at *Pinie*.
If groundleſs jealouſies and fears
Yoaks *Dutch* and *Engliſh* by the ears:
Or if it be the *Indian* Trade
Tha doth produce effects ſo ſad.
He'l tell in *Indian* Pedlers faces,
VVe dearly buy their Cloves and Maces.
The VVar draws blood and money forth;
More then the *Indian* Trade is worth.
He thinks the VVar fomented be
By Romiſh craft and policie,
VVhich rents the *Dutch* and us aſunder,
To bring reform'd Religion under.
VVhen both are broken, and brought low,
Like Pitchers by a mutual blow;
Then they'l force up the Pope again,
And make both ſerve the King of *Spain*:
VVho in the Jeſuits fantaſie

The worlds Temporal Lord will be;
And meagre thoſe who countermine them.
The Pope and he will rule between them:
The world in two Monarchies,
He with his Sword, he with his Keyes.
If *Dutch* and *Engliſh* Popiſh were,
They would be Popiſh every where:
So Conclave Fathers do conclude,
But ſuch conceits do oft delude.

He finds by perfect Demonſtrations
The roots of all compos'd Æquations.
He finds new ways to poyſon Cats,
Of Mudd he Serpents makes, and Rats.
He finds the Longitude of Places,
Makes Bag-pipes with Concording Baſes.
He finds two means proportionals,
VVhich great wits ſometime inthrals.
In Virtuoſies Conventicles,
Excentricks, Orbs, and Epycicles

He

He finds to be fantaſtick fictions,
Forg'd, to palliat contradictions;
VVherewith the late Star-gazers notions
Have involv'd the Planets motions.
To determine he dare venture,
The Sun to be the VVorld's Center,
To hold the Candle in the middle
Infix'd, while to *Pythagora*'s Fiddle
Still Firmament, with twinkling eyes,
The Earth and Planets dancing ſees.
He Squares, Circles, Doubles, Cubes,
Makes moſt admirable Tubes;
If he at *Dover* through them glance,
He ſees what hours it is in *France*;
As he hath prov'd by frequent trial,
On Steeple, Clock, and Sunny Dial:
He reads with them another while
Letters, diſtant twenty Mile;
Dutch, or *Scots*, I know not whether,
The one is as like as the other.

If he once level at the Moon,
Either at Midnight, or at Noon,
He discovers Rivers, Hills,
Steeples, Castles, and Wind-mills,
Villages, and Fenced Towns,
With Fousties, Bulwarks, and great Guns,
Cavaleers on Horse-back prancing.
Maids about a *May-pole* dancing,
Men in Taverns Wine carousing,
Beggers by the Hie-way Lowsing,
Sojors forging Ale-house brawlings,
To be let go without their Lawings,
Sturrs in streets by Grooms and Pages,
Mountebanks playing on Stages.
Wild Boars strouting out their Bristles,
Black birds striving who best Whistles,
Throats of Larks Trumpeting day,
Falcons beating down their prey,
Hare and Deer crossing Bogs,
Followed at the heels by Dogs,
Asses braying, Lyons roaring,

Owles ſcreiching, Eagles ſoaring,
Foxes rouſed from their den,
Monkeys imitating men.
Gardens planting, Houſes bigging,
States and Princes Fleets out-rigging;
Antick faſhions of Apparels,
States and Princes pitching quarrels:
Wars, Rebels, Horſe Races
Proclaim'd at ſeveral Mercat-places.
Capers bringing in their Prizes,
Commons curſing new Excizes.
Young VVives old Husbands horning,
Judges drunk every morning;
Augmenting Law-ſuits, and diviſions,
By *Spaniſh* and by *French* deciſions;
Courtiers their aims miſing,
Chaiplains VVidow--Ladys kiſſing;
Men to ſell their Lands itching,
To pay th'expences of their Kitching.
Frequent changes, States invading,
Pulpits forcing, and perſwading;

Great jarrs for Cloves and maces,
For Biſhops, Lordſhips and their Graces:
Lords in Stews, miſſing Purſes,
VVhile Pages make their Ladys Nurſes:
Preachers contradicting faſt
This year, what they Preach'd the laſt;
Making in their Conſcience room
For a change the year to come;
Some ſeeking Biſhopricks in vain,
VViſhing Presbytry again;
Lawyers counſels at ſuch rates,
That they coſt men their whole eſtates:
VVhat money men puts in their Hands.
To get half back, they give their Lands:
Phyſicians cheating young and old,
Making both buy death with Gold:
Not verſ'd in *Æſculapius* wayes,
Indicative and Critick dayes
They make too late, or elſe too ſoon,
Not knowing the motion of the Moon:
Factions in Families and towns,

Ground manur'd by Countrey Clowns,
In Meadows, Corns, Grapes, Apples,
Outbraving *Lombardie* and *Naples*;
Prieſts diſeaſed of the Riples,
Hirpling through the Streets like Criples,
Phyſicians ſpoiled with the Pox,
Hiding their Noſes with their Cloaks,
Courtiers covering cankered Faiſters
With curled Periwiggs and Plaiſters,
With Wax Noſes, Golden Lips,
With Paisboard mending Legs and Hips,
Uſing all the Art they can,
That they may ſeem a pretty man,
And free of blemiſh, like a Prieſt
With *Urim Thummim* on his Breaſt:
Ladies ſpeaking ranting words,
Attir'd like Men with Veſts and Swords,
With Periwiggs and long Locks,
Some tax'd for dancing in their Smocks:
Making frivolous excuſes,
Men pretending to the Muſes;

Some ſelling Drink, ſome ſelling Draff,
Some Buffons turn'd, to make men laugh;
Some Publicans, ſome buſie medlers,
Some turn'd Horſe-Coopers, ſome Pedlers;
Some challenged for dreadful things,
As ſtealing Silver Spoons, and Rings;
Having us'd many wiles before,
That they might put them to the door.
Sundry Philoſophick Aſſes
By Dictating, Teaching Claſſes,
Not taking an account again,
Making Boys ſpend their time in vain.
Some diſſipating little Muggs
Containing univerſal Druggs;
Phyſicians crying out amain,
Where they cure one, they poyſon ten.
Some getting Oyſter-Boats to Dreg,
Some making Satyrs for to Beg,
Being reduced to thoſe wants,
By ſeveral avaricious Saints,
Who proved on them Drinking, Whooring,

By ſlandring, forging, and perjuring;
At laſt, for all their fair pretention,
Their quarrel prov'd to be a Pention,
VVhich having got, then for refuge,
They bribe, or cheat a ſilly Judge,
By purloyning, and forbearing,
To ſtop the cauſe from further hearing.
There was no remedy for the evil,
All went head-long to the Devil:
That Fathers ſaying is moſt true,
Penitent Clerks are very few:
Ere any ſhame ſhall them betide,
They'l one ſin with another hide.

His Tube in higher Planets Heaven,
Diſcovers many moe then ſeven.
Jove hath his gaurd, with thunder thumps,
To beat down Covenants and Rumps:
And *Saturn* hath his Pages too,
VVhen he meets *Jove*, there is adoo.
Its good to ſome, and bad to other,

Its never good to all together:
For ſome go up, and ſome go down,
Some gets, and ſome will loſe a Crown.
They ſay, ſuch things will now appear
In leſs then three and thirty Year.
Great change of Government will be,
As all affirm beyond the Sea:
But all their practiſes, and wiles
At this bout, will not reach our Iles.
All is confined to the main,
And then it will about again.
VVe need not break our hearts for ſorrow,
VVhat's ours to day, is theirs to morrow.
He ſees *Mars* ſending Grooms in ire
To ſet the VVorld below on fire;
Raiſing ſuch fury in mens Breaſts,
That Generals are made of Prieſts,
VVhich them becomes, as all avow,
As well as Sadle doth a Sow.
He ſees thoſe Grooms, who Sun attends,
Blowing on their burnt finger-ends:

Among

Among whom *Mercury* doth ſtand,
Serving the Sun with Capp in hand.
He hath no dwelling of his own,
But is Domeſtick of the Sun.
Phebus and he hath great compaſſion
On Arts now wearing out of faſhion:
Yet ſome will flouriſh, they foreſaw
Romances, and the Cannon Law.
He ſees, with *Venus* Pages are,
Who Pimps were to the God of War:
When jealous *Vulcan*, ſick of love,
Would needs himſelf a Cuckold prove,
Like ſeveral great ones here below,
Though ſome conceal what they do know.

His Tube once levelled at the Sky,
Sundry, yet hid lights doth eſpy;
Some leſſer ones, and ſome more groſs,
Between the Boars and Southern Croſs;
Some on *Pegaſus* his Hoove,
And Some upon his Maſters Love,

And ſome upon her Mothers Chair,
And ſome on *Berenices* Hair;
And ſome upon the *Serpents* Sting,
Aod ſome upon the *Eagles* VVing;
And ſome upon the *Rams* Horn,
Some on the Beard of *Capricorn*,
And ſome he ſees upon the *Bull*,
And ſome upon *Orion*'s Skull,
And ſome on *Neſſus* mortal foe,
And ſome on *Cancer's* meikle toe:
Some on the Sails of *Argo* Ship,
And ſome on *Antinous* Hip;
And ſome he ſees upon the *Twins*,
And ſome upon the *Fiſhes* Fins;
And ſome he ſees on *Libra's* Scale,
And ſome upon the *Dragon's* Tail;
VVhich little Bear and Pole entangles,
And ſome he ſees on the Triangles:
Some on the Harp, ſome on the Swan,
Some on the Crown, ſome on the Cran,
Some on the VVhale, ſome on the Trout,

And ſome upon the great Dogs Snout;
And ſome upon the Virgins Knees,
On *Crinita*, between her Thighs,
Which makes her bluſh, and turn her look
North-Eaſt, upon *Boote*'s Dock:
Which the baſe Clown regardeth not,
But ſpurns her backward with his Foot,
And almoſt lames her on the Knee,
Which barbarous incivilitie
Is evident to any man,
By the Glob of *Vatican*.

And finally, that tract of Light
Which we ſee in a Froſty Night,
And cauſed Philoſophick jarrs,
He finds to be the light of Stars;
Which juſt ſo ſhining, he doth mark,
As Haddocks Heads do in the dark.

Solve ſeveral Queſtions he can,
Scarce ſolvable by any man:

If number of Stars be odd or even:
What's beyond the outmoſt Heaven.
If ſubſtance of the Heav'ns be mix'd,
If Stars do move, in Orbs infix'd:
Or, if they move, as others clatter,
As Fowl in Air, or Fiſh in Water.
Since *Jewiſh* Sabbath is begun,
And ends with ſetting of the Sun.
How that Sabbath obſerv'd can be
Beyond the ſixty eight degree
Of Latitude: ſince *Antipods*
In Sun ſhining, have ſuch odds.
How both Sabbaths obſervation
Jumps with the Sabbath of Creation:
The one and other Queſtion
Sorely puzzled *Solomon*,
In that great Diſpute, that between
Was him and that *Arabian* Queen;
Or *Æthiopian*, as ſome other,
Who make her *Preſter John*'s Mother.

Againſt the late Star-gazers Schiſm,
And *Argolus* Paralogiſm;
He finds Comets are plac'd no where
But in ſome Region of the Air.
He finds with admirable ſpeed
Their Paralaxis by a Threed:
He finds their eyes perceive not well,
Or elſe Dioptriques make them reel,
And that their Brain's not worth a Turd,
Who calls them *Via Lactea*'s Curd;
The ſame he thinks of many others,
Who ſay, they are new Stars half Brothers:
Of which laſt, if he eſpy one,
He bids let Gods ſecrets alone.

He finds both Comets and Eclipſes,
But petty Fortune-telling Gipſies:
The like uncertainty he ſees
In change of Excentricities.
But he foreſees with Prophets Unction
The effects of a great Conjunction;

Befor

Before the Age begin again,
Spain ſhal have *France*, or *France* have *Spain*
The Monarchy ſhall ſpread no further,
If *Dutch* and *Engliſh* hold together.
And though they do great tribulation,
Follows a *Gothiſh* inundation,
Spreading from *Pomer* into *Scluſe*,
In defence of the Flower de Luce:
Their Mutiny for want of Pay
Proves to the *French* a diſmal day.
Then *Engliſh* ſhall ſay, God be thanked,
The *French* are like Fleas in a Blanket,
They ſoon skip out, as they did in,
Their Conqueſt ends ere it begin.
They marr all by unſtable carriage,
As in their old *Italian* Voyage;
When quite forſaken of their helps,
They firſt brought Shankers ov'r the Alps.

He doth foreſee another wonder,
Nations in place, and hearts aſunder,

Shall

Shall straitly be conjoyn'd in one,
Againſt the Whore of *Babylon*.
And though thoſe Nations be but poor,
Rich Kings who fornicat the Whoor,
Shall melt before them, as the Snow,
When Rain and South-wind makes a Thaw.
What men they are, he will not clatter,
Leſt ſome think he intends to flatter.
Then all ſhall be ſerene and clear,
And Saints ſhall Reign a thouſand year,
If not, let it not be forgotten,
To hang him when he's dead and rotten.

All doubt much of the *Jews* Converſion,
The manner of the Worlds Everſion.
If Fire ſhall burn the Heav'ns to Embers,
If ſeparat Souls their Friends remembers:
If thoſe new reaſons do make good
The Circulation of the Blood:
If Webbs of Cloth be made of Stones,
If Pox can be chas'd from the Bones;

If Minerals nouriſh as Grain,
If Ratts once dead can live again:
And of ſuch like Reſurrections,
If by Attractions, and Ejections,
Men may lend, or borrow blood;
If univerſal Druggs be good;
If Satyr-makers ever thrive,
If any thing which they contrive;
If there be ſuch of any Nation.
VVho are not driven to deſperation,
Giving to all, who them defends,
Still foreſt on the finger-ends.
Though never wiſer man was born,
He knows not how to dine the morn:
No more then he ſees when ſhall come
The moment of the day of Doom.

The VVhiggs him circled in a Ring.
And he ſtood like a Nine-pin King;
After a Pauſe and a Cough,
And ſundry clawings of his Hough:

Upon

Upon his Tiptoes he aroſe,
And with his Fingers wip'd his Noſe,
And cleans'd his Fingers on his Breeches,
Delivering thoſe following ſpeeches.

Hear, O ye remnant of *Iſra'l*,
Who have not bow'd your knees to *Baal*,
For which ye undergo the Croſs;
Ye Gold refined from the Droſs;
Ye winnow'd Corn purg'd from the Chaff,
Ye ſp'rit of Malt drawn from the Draff;
Who to the good Cauſe are no ſhame,
Ye Covenanters, Cruds and Cream;
Ere one a *Pater Noſter* utter,
Some will turn Cheeſe, and others Butter,
And each will feed his hungry Brother,
If we ſhall chance to eat each other.
Ye who ſtill pray for theſe who wrong you,
God grant there be no Rogues among you,
As Arch as any of the Nation:
I have caus'd Pen a Supplication,

Which

Which muſt be ſent unto the King,
From whom ſome muſt an anſwer bring:
I'le read it out, that ye may mend it,
And then adviſe by whom to ſend it.
Then anſwered the whole Croud,
Bidding him read it out aloud.
Seeking his Lunets forth, he farted,
At which, they who ſtood neareſt ſtarted;
Thoſe further off took ſuch Alarms,
Some cry'd to Legs, ſome cry'd to Arms:
What was the matter, none could think,
Till all of them did ſmell the ſtink.
Then having huſh'd their ſhouts and hollows,
He did begin to read as follows.

THE SUPPLICATION.

SIR, though there be but few among us,
Who bids at every word *God damn us*;
Though we come not to martial closes,
Half gelded, and without our Noses:
As not accustom'd to those tricks,
Which hurts mens Noses, and their Pricks:
Although we do not rant and swagger,
Nor drink in Taverns till we stagger,
And then engage in drunken quarrels,
VVhere wit goes out by tooming Barrels;
Where some throw Stoops, and others Glasses,
Some struggle with the serving Lasses;
Some throw a Chandler, some a Can,
Some strive to Cuckold the Good-man.
Some mean their Elbow, some their Head,
Some cry, alace, their Shoulder-blade;

And

And ſome with ſpilled drink are dreeping,
And ſome ſit on a Privy ſleeping:
Some do not know at whom they'r ſtriking,
And ſome are buſie Pockets picking:
Some have their hair with fingers freezed,
And ſome cry out, they'r Circumciſed.
Some have their Faces and their Throples
All ſcratched with Tobacco Stoples:
Some Coals with naked Swords are hewing,
And ſome ly in a Corner Spewing;
And other ſome get bloudy Fingers,
By graſping naked Knives and VVhingers,
VVhen they the fray intend to redd,
VVhen it were better they were a-bed:
And ſome cry, ye diſturb the Laird,
And ſome cry, fy bring Baily *Baird*,
A man who is obliged much
Unto the War againſt the *Dutch*.
At that they call the Wench to reckon,
She comes and counts up three for one,
But gains not much, though ſhe ſo trick it,

Beſide her loſs of Burges Ticket:
They tell her, they will money borrow,
And come and pay their Shot to morrow:
Their Officers, the other day,
Had Dyc'd, & Drunk, and Whoor'd their pay.

Sir, though we do not play ſuch pranks,
For which we give unto God thanks;
Yet we your loyal Subjects are,
To ſerve you both in Peace and War,
With our Fortunes, and our Lives;
But if our Conſcience, and our Wives
By any man be medled with,
We'l both defend with all our pith.
Sir, our conſcience to compel,
Is to force our Souls to Hell.
If we do good, and think it evil,
In that we more obey the Devil,
Then doing ill, which we think good,
If holy Writ be underſtood.

Sir, we have been ſore oppreſſed,
Our Wives and Serving Laſſes Seſſed,
Either to give beyond their reach,
Or elſe hear ſome Hirelings Preach:
Who Preach nought elſe, but rail and rant
Againſt the Holy Covenant:
And yet its known, that the Nation
Did take it, at their inſtigation;
For which, of late, they were ſo hearty,
When it was the prevailing party,
That they urg'd State, as they were wood,
To take ſome's Means, and others blood:
And others they compel'd to flee,
And hide themſelves beyond the Sea:
And that, Sir, for no other reaſon,
But Ante-Covenanting Treaſon.

But now, Sir, when the guiſe doth turn,
They Preach nothing, but hang, and burn,
And harry all thoſe of the Nation,
Who do refuſe the Declaration:

Perſwading us with tales and fictions
To take Oaths which are contradictions;
Having, for love of VVorldly Pelf
Firſt taken contrair Oaths themſelf.

At the firſt, Sir, God be thanked,
VVe ſold Covering, Sheet, and Blanket,
And Gowns, and Plaids, and Petticoats,
Meal and Peaſe, Barley and Oats,
Butter and Cheeſe, and VVool Fleeces,
For Groats and Fourty Peny pieces;
Capons and Hens, and Geeſe and Piggs,
Oxen and Horſe which Till'd our Riggs;
And which our very hearts pierces,
Maſter *Zachary Boyd*'s Verſes,
Dickſon's Sermons, *Guthrie*'s Libels,
Beſſie of *Lanerk*, and our Bibles,
And learn'd Religion by tradition,
VVhich ſmells of Popiſh ſuperſtition:
To pay our Fines we were ſo willing,
Which was for each fault Twenty Shilling:

Though

Though we alledg'd for our defence,
It was too much by Eighteen Pence.

At laſt, we had no more to give,
Neither knew we how to live;
They felled all our Hens and Cocks,
And rooted out our Kail Stocks,
And caſt them ov'r the Dikes away,
And bid us, jeering, faſt and pray.
Being incenſed with ſuch harms,
VVe were neceſſitate to Arms;
And through the Countrey we did come,
VVe had far better ſtay'd at home.
VVe did nothing but hunt the Glaiks,
For after we had got our paiks,
They took us every one as Prizes,
And condemn'd us in Aſſizes,
To be hang'd up every where,
And fix'd our Heads up here and there.
Once dreadful Heads, Sir, all did doubt them,
They had ſo meikle wit about them.

And we, who ſcapt thoſe grievous Croſſes,
Did hide our ſelves in Bogs and Moſſes:
Where we fed on ſodden Leather,
Mingled with crops of Heather;
Which, our hunger to aſſwage,
VVe thought moſt ſavoury Pottage;
For Drink, it was no ſmall matter,
If we got clear, not muddy Water;
In which, we heartily do wiſh
There be none who deſire to Fiſh;
That by the Devils inſtigation,
Brings on us all this tribulation.
When in that caſe we could not ſtand,
We Sally, Sir, with Sword in hand;
Let men cry, Rebels, till they grow hoarſe,
VVe're Subjects nev'r a white the worſe.
Though we prefer you not to God,
VVho do ſo, Sir, their Faith will nod.
If Government take changing tours,
They will renounce both you, and yours;
As doth appear by ſome of late,

VVhen

When that Uſurper rul'd the State:
They ſtrove, Sir, to be ſent apace
To abjure you in the Worlds face.
Though ſome, Sir, of our Duniweſsles
Stood out, like *Eglingtoun* and *Caſſils*,
And others, ſtriving to ſit ſtill,
VVere forc'd to go againſt their will:
Yet other ſome, as all men knows,
VVho ſhould be ſent, were near to blows;
That is, at very boyſtrous words,
Putting their hands upon their Swords,
To make men think that they were ſtout,
VVhen it was known the World throughout,
To fight your foes, when they were ſent,
They always took the Bog a-ſclent,
And running from the fight by ſtealth,
VVould then ſit down and drink your health:
And ſince they could not think, like Aſſes,
To beat your foes by drinking Glaſſes;
It's evident, Sir, as we think,
They drank your Health for love of Drink.

Yet

Yet many, Sir, were diſappointed,
Who ſo forſook the Lords Anointed;
They were not all alike regarded,
Some well, and ſome were ill rewarded:
They who play'd beſt with both the hands
Inrich'd were by their Neighbours Lands.
Some from their Creditors got refuges
Some were made Clerks, and others Judges:
Some ſwearing their Stocks were ſpent,
Strove to get down their Anualrent:
Detaining, Sir, by that extortion,
The Fatherleſs and Widows portion,
Which Uſuring Fathers Lent to Lairds,
Who play'd it all at Dice and Cards:
Which forc'd ſome Laſſes to miſcarriage,
Becauſe they could not get a Marriage.
But among thoſe of ſtricter life,
The truth-tell-colour grew ſo rife,
That it marr'd all the Charms and Graces
Of thoſe who could not paint their Faces.

But other ſome got mocks and ſcorns,
By giving to their Land-Lords Horns,
And ſpewing Claret, mull'd with Eggs,
Between the Lord Protectors Leggs,
When they did endeavour to pray
Before him, on a Faſting-day.
Some *Whally's* Bible did begarie,
By letting flee at it Canarie,
Taking it up, where it lay next,
That they might read on it the Text;
When *Cromwel* Preach'd with great applauſe
The Revelation of his Cauſe:
And ſome of them empawn'd their Cloaks,
And other ſome brought home the Pox:
Giving foul Linnings all the wite,
Some turn'd your friends for meer deſpight;
Vowing you never to withſtand
Again, without ſomething in hand.
And ſome turn'd Ordinance-forſakers,
Others for grief of heart turn'd Quakers:

Some

Some in their Conſcience took remorſe,
Crying, I'm damn'd, till they grew hoarſe,
And made the ſtanders by admira
To ſee them take the fits of *Spira*.
To bring thoſe troubled Souls to peace,
Some reads *Alvarez* helps to grace;
Some *Sanctuary of a troubled Soul*,
Some cited Paſſages of *Paul*:
Explaining well what he did ſay;
Some reads on Mr. *Andrew Gray*:
Some told the danger of back-ſliding,
Some the good of Faith abiding;
Some reads the Caſes of *Richard Binning*,
Some *Ferguſſon* reads of *Kilwinning*:
And ſome them preſſed very ſore
To hear a little of Doctor *More*:
But others cry'd, Away, and Tuſh
VVith Vipers in a Balmy Buſh?
VVith blind Pilots, guiding Ferries,
VVith Toads lurking in Straw-berries.

His

His Doctrine of Juſtification
Drives all the Court to Deſperation.
Few there are ſaved, as we gueſs,
By their inherent righteouſneſs.
He hath ſome good among great evils,
He tells of Baſtard getting Devils
Of their Bodies, or Vehicles,
Their Herauldry and Conventicles.
It's ſport to ſee his fancy wander
In their Male, and Female Gender.
He doth ſo punctually tell
The whole œconomy of Hell,
That ſome affirm he is *Puck Hary*,
Some, he hath walked with the Fairy.
Though Intellectuals be neat,
Though he mean well, and is no cheat,
His caſe is deſperat and ſad,
For too much Learning makes him mad.
VVe'll read on the *True Converts Mark*,
Or we will read on *Beſſie Clark*,

Or

Or elſe on *Bakers Heavenly Beam*,
Or on the *Lady Culroſs Dream*;
Which ſundry drunken Aſſes ſlout,
Not ſeeing the Jewel within the Clout.
Like Combs of Cocks, who takes no heed
When they *Gower*, or *Chaucer* read.
When they had ſaid, and read their fill,
It did not cure the Patients ill:
They ſtill cry on, and howl, and mourn,
Their counſels would not ſerve the turn.
No comfort at all find they can,
Until a Grave and Reverend Man
Adviſe them to reſiſt temptation,
With Spaniſh Wine, and Fornication.

Thoſe Rebels alſo to obey,
Thoſe Hirelings ceaſ'd for you to pray;
Becauſe their Stipends, and their Living
Were at the foreſaid Rebels giving.
They thought a man a venial ſinner
Who left ſworn duty for his dinner:

Yea,

Yea, ſome of them were of opinion,
They might pray for that Devils Minion.
They would not ſtick for love of Pelf,
To pray, Sir, for the Devil himſelf:
But we, in the Uſurpers faces,
Remembred you in Prayers and Graces;
And if we had had Guns and Swords,
Our actions would have back'd our words.
Our fault, Sir, was, for which we moan,
We thought to do it all alone.
Since it was only want of wit,
Since it was a diſtraction-fit,
We pray you, Sir, be no deſpiſer
Of us, whom God hath made no wiſer.

Royal Sir, to thoſe our times
Apply'd may be a Poets Rhimes,
Who courſly ſingeth, that a Wight
Obeying King, in wrong or right;

If

If that the King to wrack ſhall go,
VVill in like manner turn his foe:
But who obey no ſinful thing,
Do ſtill prove conſtant to their King.
The Rhime is barbarous and rude,
But, Sir, the ſaying's rich and good;
In Print yet forth it hath not crept,
VVe have it in a Manuſcript:
The Good-man keeps it, as we think,
Behind a Diſh, upon the Bink:
And yet it's thought by many a man
Moſt worthy of the *Vatican*.
It's worthy, Sir, of your Saint *James*
That ſtands upon the River *Thames*.
Ye'll not find ſaying ſuch another,
Put all their Guilded Books together:
Tho with theſe two ye joyn in one
The Bibliotheck of *Preſter John*.
Cauſe Pages cry it ſtill before ye,
As *Philip* did *Memento mori*.

Since

Since then we Arm for Conſcience ſake,
May't it pleaſe you, Sir, ſome pity take,
And not by Biſhops inſtigation
Inforce on us the Declaration,
Nor make us give, beyond our reach,
To keep's from hearing Hirelings Preach;
Who laſt year Preached Oaths to take,
And this year Preacheth them to break:
When they have forced men to take them,
Then firſt of all, themſelves they break them.
Except God, Sir, their manners mend,
They'l oath it to the Worlds end.
Men either muſt foreſwear themſelf
As oft as they turn Coats for Pelf,
Or elſe their Conſcience is ſo ſcurvie,
They will turn all things topſie turvie.
And we will give what we can reach
To keep's from hearing thoſe men Preach,
As Achiſons, Balbies and Placks,
Which is enough, Sir, for our packs.

Likewiſe, in any other thing
VVe will obey you, as our King,
If ye require it at our hands,
VVe'll quite to you both Lives and Lands.
Nothing to fight can us compell,
Except to keep our Souls from Hell;
VVhat ever miſchief us befall,
Or elſe the Devil take us all.
Ye need not, Sir, diſtruſt, or fear,
VVhen Out-Law-VVhiggs do Ban, or Swear;
It doth unto the VVorld appear,
Keeping our Oaths hath coſt us dear.
VVe pray God, that Your Majeſty,
And then Your Royal Progeny,
May peace and truth with us defend,
As Kings, unto the Worlds end.
VVe with all duty and reſpect
Your gracious Anſwer do expect.

A Debate between the Knight *and* Squire, *about the mending of the Petition, and who ſhould carry it to the King.*

AND thus the Supplication ended,
The *Squire* cry'd out, it ſhould be mended:
Being deſir'd to tell the cauſe,
Firſt with all ten his Arſe he claws,
And then his Elbow, and his Head,
VVinking a while, as he were dead;
And clapping both Hands on his Snout,
At laſt his reaſon tumbled out;
To wit, it did not move to grant
Renewing of the Covenant.

Knight.

At which the Knight gave ſuch a groan,
As would have rent a heart of ſtone:
And caſting both his eyes to Heaven,
He ſaid, not though the Earle of *Levin*
Were on our heads, we durſt not do it,
It's baſe to put the King ſo to it:
It is a moſt preſumptuous thing,
To croſs the Conſcience of a King.
Some honeſt men did never take it;
Some honeſt alſo were who broke it;
But he who breaks't againſt his light,
Let it be wrong, let it be right,
By Prophets and Apoſtles leave
We dar aver his a knave.
On ſingulars we will not harp,
For the apply will be to ſharp.
We put down Biſhops, to our coſt,
Yet two or three ſtill rul'd the Roſt;

Some

Some of which play'd ſuch pranks at home,
As never Pope preſum'd at *Rome*.
It is the ſimpleſt of all tricks
To ſuffer fools have Choping Sticks.
A Sword put in a wood mans hand,
Bredd meikle trouble to the Land.

Squire.

The Squire reply'd, they'r ſcarce of news,
Who tells, their Mother haunted Stews.
Who on his Brother rubs diſgrace,
He ſpits upon his Mothers face.
Each Covenanter is our Brother,
The Covenant, of all is Mother.
Their wit is dull, and very groſs,
Who think where Gold is, there's no Droſs:
Where there is Corn, there may be Chaff,
Where there is Malt, there may be Draff:
Thiſtles with Corn grow on the Riggs,
And Rogues may lurk among the Whiggs.

And Friars in Lent may be Fleſh-eaters,
And Covenanters may be Cheaters,
And Weeds grow up with faireſt Flowres,
And ſighing Siſters may be Whoors.
As Fruit on Trees grow, ſo grow Leaves,
Its certain Biſhops may be Knaves;
Its known to all, the Devil may dwell
In ſome of fourteen, as of twell.
To blame a Cauſe for Perſons Vices,
Is one of Satans main devices,
By which he very oft doth make
VVell-meaning men the truth forſake.
But let us firſt the Queſtion ſtate,
Before we enter in debate,
VVhich of the two ſhould bear the ſway,
The Miters, or the Elders Lay.

Knight.

The Knight did pauſe a pretty while,
Then anſwered with a ſcornful ſmile,

I tell thee, fool, I think Government
Of Church, a thing of ſmall concernment:
The truth it's very hard to find,
It puzzleth the learnedſt mind.
Some do the Presbytry conceive
New forg'd by *Clavin* at *Geneve*;
Some ſay, he puts to execution
Paul the Apoſtles Inſtitution,
Which ſuffered exile and ejection,
The time of *Pauls* foretold defection.
Some ſay, ſince Biſhops did appear,
Its more then Fifteen hundred year;
Some ſay, that then they did begin
The Pope of *Rome* to Uſher in:
That *Pauls* iniquities, myſtery working,
Was men, then for precedency forking.
Some Presbyterians do conclude,
But Biſhops ſay, ſuch thoughts delude:
VVhich comes from brains which have a Bee,
Like *Urquharts Trigonometrie.*

Some

Some Biſhops prove by Scripture-phrazes
As by the word γυβερνησις
How *John* the Angels ſeven did greet,
Why *Paul* did *Titus* leave in Creet.
But other ſome boldly aſſerts,
Who reaſon ſo, the Text perverts.
Some call the Biſhops Weather-Cocks,
Who where their Heads were turn their Docks,
Still ſtout for them who gives them moſt,
And who will make them rule the Roſt.
Some ſay, that Biſhops have been good,
And ſeal'd the Goſpel with their blood;
As ready for the truth at call,
As any Whigg among us all.
Perhaps a railing fooliſh Ranter
Will tell a Biſhop Covenanter
An honeſt Clergy-man will be,
When Cable paſſeth Needles eye;
For ſome of ſuch had play'd a pavie,
Though all the Cables of the Navie

In

In one, ſhould paſs through Needles-eye,
Whiggs ſtill would doubt their honeſty.
Some ſay, a Biſhop Covenanter,
If a penitent repenter,
Cauſeth more joy to Sp'rits Divine,
Then all the other ninety nine.
Some Father Tales upon King *James*,
To ſundry Presbyterian Dames,
That he was forc'd of Knaves to make them,
For Devil an honeſt Man would take them.
Some ſay, the King gave never leave
To make a Biſhop of a Knave.
That thoſe men are evil ſpeakers,
Tax'd by *Jude*, ſpiritual Quakers:
That none doth hate Nobility;
For Quakers blaming Herauldry.
And ſome again are, who compares
Our Biſhops unto Baiting Bears;
Who, if they be not kept in aw,
They will tear all with teeth and paw:

Yet

Yet tractable in every thing,
If in their Snout ye put a Ring.
And many men again there be
VVho say the same of Presbytrie;
And some say this, and some say that,
And some affirm, they know not what.
Its grief to see them Scripture vex,
And wrest it, like a Nose of VVax;
And he who is deceived most
All Fathers on the Holy Ghost:
Some quiting Prophets and Apostles,
Thinks best to plead the Cause by Postills:
And some do dispute by Tradition,
Some calls that Popish Superstition;
And some affirm, that they had rather
Follow a Counsel, then a Father:
And some affirm, it buits not whether,
They are blind Leaders all together.
And since the truth is found by none,
No more then is that turn Gold Stone,

It's beſt, *Zancho*, for ought I ſee,
To take a Pint, and then agree.
Let men have Biſhops at their eaſe,
And hear what Preachers beſt them pleaſe;
If we be freed of Declaration,
And of that other great vexation
We mentioned in our Petition,
We'll alter it on no condition;
Then we will ſerve the King as much
Againſt the *Dane*, and *French*, and *Dutch*,
As any in his three Dominions
Who hateth us, or our opinions:
If he command us, we will come
Like *Goths*, and Scale the Walls of *Rome*,
And bereave *Babels* Whore of breath,
Or die the Duke of *Bourbon*'s death.

Squire.

The Squire made many odd Grimaſs
Ere he could ſpeak, like *Balaams* Aſs;

Sometime

Sometime he wink'd, ſometime look'd up,
And running backward like a Tupp,
For to return with greater force,
He ſnorted like a very Horſe;
One thought upon another tumbled,
One while he grin'd, another grumbled.
At laſt, like *Cant*, or *Trail*, or *Durie*,
He gave a Broad-ſide in a fury:
Looking as he would eat them all,
His words flew out like Cannon Ball.
The love of Pelf comes from the Devil,
It's root of all miſchief and evil:
It makes Lords ſup without a Candle,
When none can ſee their Knife to handle:
While to bring Candles Servants lingers,
Ten Candles will not heal their Fingers.
It makes Fore-heads and Shins to bleed,
By ſaving Candle, to light to Bed.
It makes them keep their Cellar Keys,
Set ſecret marks on Hamms and Cheſe;

Which, if but in the leaſt defaced,
Wives, Servants, Bairns are all menaced.
It makes them prigg for Milk and Eggs,
Put in a Broth Cocks, halfs, and Leggs:
It makes them Clout Elbows and Breaſts,
Keep Rinded Butter in Charter Cheſts,
Till Ratts eat all their Law-defences,
And Families old Evidences:
It makes them pay their Maſons Wages
By Uſury, on VVedds, and Gadges
Taken from VVidows, who were plundred,
By paying Fourty in the Hundred.
It corrupts Hamell, Sharp, and Sweet,
It poyſons all, like *Aconite*:
If it touch Hide, it goes to Heart,
And ſo affecteth every part.
The great ones do betray their truſt,
Ladies throw Honour in the duſt,
Like thoſe who troad the *Cyprian* Dance
VVith that *Financier* of *France*.

It Puritans doth make of Ranters,
And Cavaleers of Covenanters;
Of Lords and Earls it makes Drapers,
Of Prieſts and Levites it makes Capers.
It maketh grave and reverend Cheats
In Pulpits, and Tribunal Seats:
For any Crime it finds defences,
With Oaths, it like a Pope diſpences:
It cauſeth among Brethren ſtrife,
It makes a Man Pimp to his Wife:
It makes yeeld Fortreſſes and Towns
Sooner then Armies with great Guns:
It ſets a-fire Cities and Streets,
It raiſeth Tragedies in Fleets;
It makes the vanquiſhed victorious,
And foyl then victory more glorious:
It makes rebellion riſe and fall,
And hath ſuch influence on all,
That whom it made rebellious Nurſes,
It loyal makes, to fill their Purſes:

It cauſeth many a bloody ſtrife,
When needy male-content grow rife:
Then by it Church and State are mended,
And will be till the world be ended.
Maſter, we all obſerve and mark,
Since ye once doubt, ye will embarque.
Why do ye Conſcience ſo neglect?
Or, what, Maſter, can ye expect?
Although among the Whiggs ye Preach,
A Biſhoprick ye cannot reach:
For Biſhopricks are giv'n to none
Like Presbyterian *John Gillon*,
Who, when he takes his Preaching-turn,
Will make moe laugh then he makes mourn.
Ye have infus'd in us Sedition,
Ye will us leave in that condition:
And then cauſe Print a Book of Seaſon,
Tax whom ye have ſeduc'd of Treaſon.
And when ſo doing, all men ſee,
Ye ſing the *Palinod* of *Lee*.

The Cavaleers will ſtill you call
The Archeſt Rebel of us all.
Thus having ſaid, he made a halt,
And ſtood, like *Lots* Wife turn'd to Salt,
With Ear attentive, earneſt Eye,
He did expect the Knights Reply.

Knight.

Who ſtroak'd his Beard, and bit his Lip,
And wip'd his Noſe, and ſcratch'd his Hip,
He wry'd his Mouth, and knit his Brows,
He changed more then twenty hues;
His Hands did tremble, his Teeth did chatter,
His Eyes turn'd up, his Bumm did clatter,
His Tongue on Teeth and Gumes did hammer,
He fain would ſpeak, but ſtill did ſtammer:
His Garb was ſtrange, dreadful, uncouth,
Till through his Epileptick Mouth
Thoſe following ſpeeches fierce and loud
Burſt out, like Thunder through a Cloud.

Thou

Thou poyſons all, my little *Grex*,
Thou ſentence-ſpeaking *Carnifex*:
Thou hardy and preſumptuous are
To meddle ſo with Peace and War;
Rub my Horſe Belly, and his Coots,
And when I get them, dight my Boots;
For they are better then Gramaſhes
For me, who through the Dubbs ſo plaſhes:
Yet I'le wear none, till I put on
Thoſe of the Prieſt of *Livingſton*;
Who, when they hid them in the Riggs,
Said they were plunder'd by the Whiggs,
Unto another Prieſt, his Marrow,
Who ſent a Maid his Boots to borrow,
Whoſe Boots were plundered indeed,
As was his Salt Beef, and his Steed.
Teach what I pleaſe, thou'lt not forbear
To meddle with things without thy Sphear;
Like Taylors making Boots or Shoos,
Or like Shoo-makers making Hoſe.

Like ſome I know, as blind as Owles,
Playing at Tennice, and at Bowles,
And ſometime Shooting at a Mark,
Like *Paßavantius* playing the Clerk,
Who medled with, he knew not what,
That he might get from *Rome* a Hat.
Men oft by change of ſtation tynes,
Good Lawyers may prove bad Divines:
Like *Sadoleto's* Dog in Satine,
Like *Ignoramus* ſpeaking Latine:
Which raiſed moſt unnatural jarrs,
As between Law and Goſpel Wars.
Like *Bembo's* Parrat ſinging Maſſes,
Like men of ſeventy Courting Laſſes;
Like Highland Lady's knoping Speeches.
When they are ſcolding for the Breeches,
Like *Maſſionella* freeing *Naples*
From *Gabells* put on Roots and Apples.
Like Taylours ſcanning State concernments,
Or Coblers clouting Church Governments.

Like

Like ſome attempting tricks in Statiques,
Not verſ'd in *Euclids* Mathematiques.
Like Pipers mending *Morleys* Muſick,
Or Gardners *Paracelſus* Phyſick.
Like Atheiſts pleading Law refuges;
Like Countrey Treiſters turning Judges.
Like Preachers ſtirring up devotions,
By Preaching Military motions;
Proving their uſes and didactiques,
By paſſages of *Ælians* tactiques.
Like Ladies making Water ſtanding,
Like young Lairds, Horſe & Foot commanding.
Like Monckeys playing on a Fiddle,
Or Eunuchs on a Ladies middle.
Like Gilliwetfoots purging States
By papers thrown in Pocks or Hats,
That they might be, when purg'd from dung
Secretaries for the *Iriſh* Tongue.
Great wounds, yet curable, ſtill faiſter.
When fools preſume to rule their Maſter;

As ſad experience teach'd of late,
When ſuch reformed Church and State:
Though all the Publick did pretend,
All almoſt had a privat end.
There was no place of War, or State,
But was by twenty aimed at;
Whereof nineteen were diſappointed,
Which made the Body whole disjoynted;
And rais'd among them ſuch diviſions,
That they were to their friends deriſions.
Some aim'd at the Embroidered Purſe,
Some the Finances to deburſe,
And other ſome thought to be getters
By writing of the Privy Letters:
Some aim'd at Privy Seal, or Rolls,
Some Cuſtoms gathered in, and Tolls:
Some did dry Quarterings enforce,
Some lodg'd in Pockets Foot and Horſe:
Yet ſtill Bogg-ſclented, when they yoaked,
For all the Garriſon in their Pocket:

And ſome made men Morgage their Lands,
To lend Money on publick Bands,
To be pay'd at the Reſurrection:
Some Fines pay'd who oppos'd defection;
Some ſold the Souldiers Mity Meal,
And ſome did from the Publick ſteal;
And ſome, as every body ſays,
Uſ'd more then other twenty ways:
Yet notwithſtanding of all that,
They were lean Kine devouring fat.
None gained by thoſe bloody fairds,
But two three Beggers who turn'd Lairds;
Who ſtealing publick Geeſe and Wedders,
Were fred, by rendering Skin and Feathers.
When others of this Church and Nation
Returns unto their former ſtation:
And now, for all their ſtomacks ſtout,
Comes home more fools then they went out.
Thou, like a Fire-brand, doſt adviſe
Us to be fools, when all are wiſe:

Thy endeavours are all in vain,
Ere we shall play such pranks again,
The *Patagons* shall Masses mumble,
The Dons of *Spain* shall all be humble,
Italians shall speak as they think,
Germains, when Sun's set, shall not drink;
Swedds gaining day, shall not pile Baggage,
And *English* hate shall Beef and Cabbage,
The *Russ* and *Pole* shall never jarr,
Danes shall gain by a *Sweddish* War;
Victorious *Turk* shall stand to reason,
Scots shall be beat, and not blame treason;
The *Dutch* shall Brandie slight, and Butter,
And *England* Conquer by *De Ruytter*:
The first burnt ardor of *French* hearts
Shall not turn to a rack of farts,
And they shall spell as they do speak,
And they shall sing as they do prick:
With Oaths they shall not lard their Speeches,
Nor change the fashion of their Breeches.

All

All ſhall have for aſſured news,
That *Pope* from *Rome* have baniſh'd Stews:
Rebellion ſhall return from Hell;
And do things which I will not tell.
Though it were true, as ſome compares
Our Biſhops unto baiting Bears,
Who, if they be not keept in aw,
They will tear all with Teeth and Paw.
Yet many utterly miſlikes,
That Butcher Presbyterian tycks
Should flee upon their throats and faces,
To curb their Lordſhips, and their Graces:
His Majeſty, without all doubt,
Should only Ring them in the Snout.
If they ſo ſwell, that none can bide
Their malice, avarice, and pride;
Vices, which all the world doth ken
Familiar to Clergy-men;
Of which, though palliat with art,
Our own Presbytry had their part.

Our

Our duty is, with all ſubmiſſion,
To preſs the grant of our Petition:
The King will ſuffer us, perchance,
As *Lewis* doth *Huggonots* in *France*:
And in his Wars, Civil and Forraign,
Make me Command in Chief, like *Turrain*.
And though he grant not our demands,
Away with Covenants and Bands;
Kings muſt command, we muſt obey,
They Rebels are, who truth gain-ſay.
Some tell, we muſt the truth ſo love,
As of it not to quite a hoove.
As ſaid another fool, thy marrow,
As if his Majeſty were *Pharo*.
For my part, ere I trouble peace,
I'le Biſhops call, My *Lord* and *Grace*;
And kneel at the Communion Table,
Make Chriſtmas-Feaſts, if I be able:
Privat Sacraments I'le avow
Childrens confirming I'le allow;

And I will hear the Organs play,
And Amen to the Service say.
I'le Surplice wear, and High-fleev'd Gown,
And to the Altar I'le bow down.
Yea, ere his Majesty be wroth,
I'le Primat be, and Chancellor both.

Squire.

The Squire replyed in a chaff,
He girn'd so, that he seem'd to laff:
And when ye travel in Caroſſes,
Ye will salute the Hie-way Croſſes;
And when with danger ye are preſt,
Ye will croſs, sign fore-head and breaſt,
And ye will to our Lady pray,
And travel on the Sabbath day;
And ye will play with Lords and Lairds
All Sermon time at Dice and Cards;

And Duels fight, like thoſe of *France*,
And drunk and Creeple lead a dance,
And ye will venture Ax and Rope,
By writing Letters to the Pope,
To tell him, though ye here by *Haman*,
Ye worſhip with the King, like *Naman*,
And then accuſe us all of Treaſon,
When ye put out your Book of Seaſon.

Knight.

The Knight look'd fiercely then about,
Thus thundering with a dreadful ſhout,
Conſtant madneſs thy Brains inthrals,
Thou haſt no Lucid Intervalls.
Thy Waſpiſh Tongue will never fail
To prat, to ſcold, revile and rail:
Though men ſhould bray thee all to Powder,
Thou ſtill, *Theriſtes*, plays the louder.
All honeſt and unbyaſs'd ken
Thoſe whom thou means't, were worthy men;

They

They had ſome faults, though not ſo big,
As rotten Flees, to ſpoil a Pigg
Of Ointment; ſooner it is known,
We others faults ſee, then our own.
Presbyterian, never one
Faultleſs, at them could caſt a ſtone.
It's certain, it comes from the Devil,
To hide men's good, and tell their evil:
They never learned that of *Paul*,
Or *David*, when he mourn'd for *Saul*.
Thou art a Cocks-comb, void of reaſon,
To tell me of a Book of Seaſon;
Thou learnd'ſt when thou kept Sheep & Hogs,
With one Stone for to hit two Dogs.
Though thou ſpue Venom like a Toad,
That Book is much eſteem'd abroad.

Squire.

Squire.

The Squire replyed, many deem
Beyond Sea it is in esteem:
When once it passed *Pentland* Firth,
It rais'd among them such a mirth,
That some for laughter burst their Rheens,
And other some did split their Spleens:
They cherish'd it in every School,
To be their Bibliotheca's fool;
When serious reading health did spill,
That they might read and laugh their fill:
Physicians it prescrib'd to men
As Cure approved for the Spleen:
At Publick Meetings, and at Feasts,
It was the Topicks of their Jests.
Some say, since known, all his life
To have had with the Bishops strife:
Since for the Covenant none more wood,
To make three Nations swim in blood:

Since

Since he ſpar'd none whom he could reach,
Who 'gainſt the Engagement did not Preach:
Since to the Cauſe he ſtuck ſo faſt,
Since Biſhops was reſtor'd at laſt,
That in the Pulpit he did grant
A Biſhop was the Devils plant.
Giving to all his hearers leave,
If ever he turn'd, to call him Knave.
And ſince, as every body ſays,
He chang'd in leſs then twenty days:
It's very like, at others budding,
He turn'd his Coat for Cake and Pudding.
Some ſay, he is a ſounding Braſs,
Which ſignifies a pratling Aſs:
He brings no reaſon which can bind,
But only fights againſt the wind.
It's clear, that it doth with him fare
As with *Sampſon* without his Hair.
Before his change his Wit was tough,
And he could reaſon well enough:

But

But now he kytheth like a fool,
As one would whipp a Boy at School,
To vent in Print ſo little reaſon,
And call it an Advice in Seaſon.
Some ſay, that he treads Biſhops Path,
As *David* ſerv'd the King of *Gath*.
Though men to cenſure him be raſh,
He gives the Biſhops ſuch a daſh,
They need not brag their cauſe is won
By the Foſter of *Henderſon*.
Some ſay, he Biſhops doth betray,
That Presbytry may gain the day,
Who fed him for their Champion hidden,
Others affirm, they are out-bidden;
Which makes him take a contrair task,
As *Edward* anſwered once *Southesk*.
A modeſt man wrot in a Letter,
He might have pleaded meikle better.
The charitable do not fear,
But for a thouſand Merks a year

He would the Biſhops yet withſtand,
If Covenanters rul'd the Land.

Knight.

Then ſaid the Knight, though in a Morter
I bray this Fool, to no Exhorter
Thou wilt give ear; he'll put thee to it.

Squire.

To whom the Squire, what though he do it?
Both Reaſon there and Juſtice halts,
Where one's blam'd for anothers faults.
Was never Judge did things ſo foul,
Except himſelf, once at *Saint Rule*:
He forg'd Records, and them Enacted
To bear falſe Witneſs, when Extracted.

I cannot tell, till I adviſe,
Whether he did it twice or thrice.
Next, I will tell that he gave leave
If ever he turn'd, to call him Knave,
But he can challenge no reflection
Put on him at his own direction:
He is oblidg'd to keep his word
As well as one who wears a Sword.
But if he chance to be ſo wroth,
As to break Word, as well as Oath,
I'le tell him, I take frantick fits,
And am diſtracted of my wits,
As he, and others ſaid of late,
When they miſguided Church and State.
And I them tax'd of forg'd Records,
As I can prove before the Lords;
If that ſucceed not, it effeers
That I be judged by my Peers,
That is, by fifteen Poetaſters,
Half Fools, half Beggers, half Burleſquers:

All of them proved, Drinkers, Whoorers,
By Preachers, Forgers and Perjurers.
Ere such a Jury can be gotten,
Its certain, I'le be dead and rotten;
Or if Justice so shall halt,
As to cause hang me for his fault;
Hanging to me will be less trouble,
Then worrying on a windy Bubble
At a Dike-side, or under a Stair,
If Weather be not very fair.

Knight.

But then the Knight, we hear, he'l quarrel,
That thou once served *Albemarle*.

Squire.

To which the Squire, I have no fears,
He dar not challeng't for his ears;

For I can make appear to all
They toſs'd me to him like a Ball.
Next, ask that Duke, in any thing
If ever I did prejudge the King.
I forc'd was to diſſimulation,
To ſhun a Rope, and ſerve my Nation:
I did no evil, but meikle good,
Saving mens Money, and their Blood;
Which ſervices I did for nought,
Which were from men far richer bought.
That Duke can tell, he did ſuſpect it,
Albeit to try, he did neglect it:
When by their Crafty inſtigation;
He urg'd was to my accuſation.
They all tell now of *Albemarle*,
But they told him another quarrel,
In pleading I could touch a ſtring,
Whoſe ſound will make their ears to ring

Knight

Knight.

The Knight ſaid, tuſh, they'l no more ſturr,
Then Moon, when bark't at by a Curr.
For all thy prat, on no condition
I mind to alter the Petition.

Squire.

Then ſaid the Squire, if ye'l not mend it,
Adviſe at leaſt, by whom to ſend it,
Since we Petition for Religion,
Your Lady, or your Dog, or Pigeon
Were fitteſt to be ſent, if other,
I'm ſore afraid we loſe a Brother:
For I dar ſwear upon th'Evangel,
When he hath got from each his Angel,
To help his charges to defray,
The Fellow will us all betray.

Knight.

When things ſucceed not, fools do flite,

Giving betraying all the wite,
Reply'd the Knight, they ſaid of late
They were betray'd, when they were beat;
And they ſaid true, who did not ſtand,
Betrayed are by heart and hand.
But to the point, as for my Wife,
I'le never ſend her in my life;
For fear ſome Courtier or other
Would make me old King *Arthurs* Brother.
My Dog is an unruly Curr,
And at the Court will keep a ſturr,
Seeing Conformiſts up and down,
He barks ſo at a High-ſleev'd Gown,
That Biſhops either will cauſe ſtone him,
Or elſe yoak Boutcher Dogs upon him.
As for my Pigeon, it cannot be,
She hath another gate to flee:
A Meſſage ſhe hath tane in hand,
To ſearch for that moſt happy Land,
Unknown to any heretofore,
But only to Sir *Thomas More*:

VVhere

Where we intend to fix Plantation,
If forc'd to change our Habitation.
And ſince a Poet rightly hits,
That greateſt fools have greateſt wits,
To ſhun ſelf-dealing, it is fit
To chooſe one not outgrown in wit;
So he can Buffonize, and Jeſt,
At publick Meeting, and at Feaſt,
And catch a time to tell the truth,
Like *Davids* great Grand-mother *Ruth.*
The Whiggs with an applauding hollow
Cry'd out, his counſel they would follow:
Which once concluded, all aroſe,
And ſet on Pans to make their Broſe.
When after that ſome fools were named
To be employ'd, they all were blamed:
And none thought fit, they ſtill enquire,
And find none fitter then the Squire:
On him then they enforc'd the Meſſage,
When he went out on his Embaſſage,

How

How at the Court he did arrive,
How to affront him they did ſtrive:
But how the Buffons all he outted;
How *Hudibras* his Squire he routed,
When they two yoaked by the Ears
About the baiting of the Bears:
And how he manag'd every thing,
And how he harrang'd to the King:
And how he cited ends of Verſes,
And ſayings of Philoſophers;
At which ſome laugh'd, and ſome were vex'd,
Ye'l be advertis'd by the next.

FINIS.

MOCK-POEM,

OR,

WHIGGS SUPPLICATION.

PART II.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1681.

MOCK-POEM,
OR,
WHIGGS SUPPLICATION.

PART II.

WHen Buſhes budded, and Trees did chip,
And Lambs by Suns approach did skip;
When Mires grew hard, like toſted Bread,
That men might through the *Carſes* ride:
When folks drew blood of arms and legs,
When Geeſe and Turkies hatched Eggs:
When poor folks Pots were fill'd with Nettles,
When Fiſh did domineer in Ketles;
VVhen *Lent* did ſore annoy the Glutton,
VVhen Sun left Fiſh to lodge with Mutton:
VVhen night and day were of like length,
Of *March* the eighth, or twelfth, or tenth:

When several Criticks, great and small,
By mending Lines, did marr them all.
When Transcribers prepostrous speed
Made them like Pictures spoil'd with Threed
On Arras Hangings back-side, when
The lowr'd mistakings of some men
Made several great Wits of the Land
Blame what they did not understand;
And some to hunt a Flea contrive;
The Squire near *London* did arrive:
To meet him old and young came forth,
As *Rome* did once to see *Jugurth.*
They knew each passage of his Journal,
Both by report, and by Diurnal:
We dread, they will him sore abuse,
But let us first invock the Muse.

Thou Muse, who never dost abandon
Those who have scarce a Legg to stand on
When they ascend *Parnassus* Mountain,
Till in the end they taste a Fountain
Which makes an Owl then them sing sweeter;
Make me once more a fool in Meeter,
That I may be of all admired,

Confutin

Confuting Presbytry, casheered;
Which I of late so much adored,
But now, when I get nothing for it,
Make me, O Muse! to change my Note,
Declare against it, turn my Coat:
Compesce me, Muse, these stout Bravado's
Of these stiff-necked Reformado's,
Who still maintain, unto this day,
They have th' Office, though they want Pay;
In others Harvest putting their Sickles,
Troubling the Land with Conventicles;
Whose stubborn hearts cannot be turned
By the Dialogues of *Gilbert Burnet*.
Prove, Muse, that Synod-men, Church-Wardens
Are Bears, and Synods are Bear-Gardens:
For both have tongues, and teeth, and nails,
But, Muse, what wilt thou do for tails?
But that's all one, the matter's small,
For true Bears have no tails at all:
And so the simile still jumps,
In stead of tails thou'lt find there rumps,
When thou shews how the Squire disputed,
And *Ralph* the Sectary confuted,
That he of wits almost bereft him;
But to the Squire now where we left him.

He melted all in tears for pity,
Seeing the ruins of the City:
But when he saw in other places
Houses arise with goodly faces,
And Turrets mounting up, and soaring,
And the Air's middle Region boaring;
So Phœnix, when it's burnt in Spices,
Up starts another from its ashes.
Cry'd out the Squire, *Rome* once was burn'd
By *French*, then Worlds Mistris turn'd,
God may the same to *London* grant,
If it renew the Covenant.
While this he spoke, his Horse he lights off,
And with his Handkerchief he dights off
Tears from his eyes, then on the ground
He grovelling lyes meditabound,
His Horses grievous succussation
Had so excoriat his Foundation,
That till the Hide his Hips did come on,
The earth he could not set his Bum on.
Then after sad Ejaculations,
He vents these following Meditations.

Wallace, quoth he, having adoe,
Still eat the quarter of a Cow,
And to the boot, ere Cloaths were put on,
He would sometimes dispatch a Mutton:
For when he wanted morning fare,
He was like *Sampson* without hair.
A Priest, whose Teeth did Head and Legs swell
Did still eat Powder'd Beef and Eggs twell
Before he Preach'd, else he half dumb sings,
Like to a Fiddle wanting some Strings.
Hence, by experience I gather,
He is a liar, though my Father,
Who thinks, a man can do or speak well,
Who doth neglect his fast to break well.
I am ingag'd in a Transaction,
Quoth he, requiring Tongue and Action,
That to my Tackling I may fast stick,
Though I should lose my Ears like *Bastwick*:
Though they should tye me Heel and Neck fast,
It's requisite I take my Break-fast.

This said, his Budget he unlooseth,
And all the wealth within discloseth;
Which for variety did scorn

The wealthy *Amelthea's Horn*;
Or the rich Abbey of St. *Lawrence*,
Or Cabine of the Duke of *Florence*,
Juſt like the Pocks of *Graham* and *Guthry*,
It was his Veſtry and his Buttery:
His Lardner and his Bibliotheck,
There lyes of Oat-meal neer a Peck,
With Waters help which Girdles hot Bakes,
And turns to Bannocks, and to Oat Cakes
There a piece Beef, there a piece Cheeſe lyes
And there an old Night-Cap of Freez lyes,
His head attire, when he the houſe keeps,
On which now here and there a Louſe creeps.
Here lyes a pair of Shoes no're put on,
And there lyes a Poor Man of Mutton.
There lyes half dozen elnes of Pig-tail,
There his Panaſh, a Capons big-tail,
With white in middle, ſhining Star-like,
And there be Onion-heads and Garlick,
The food of Turkiſh Janizaries,
There Turpentine and Larie Berries;
His Medicine for paſſage ſweer,
That for the Van, theſe for the Reer;
And there a piece of Poudered Fiſh lyes;

And

And there ſome Butter in a Diſh lyes ;
There Turnips thirty inch about lyes,
And there ſome Pepper in a Clout lyes,
There Fingram Stockins ſpun on Rocks lyes,
And there his Sneezing Milne and Box lyes:
There lyes his Elſon and his Lingle,
Which double-ſold Shoes makes of ſingle,
With help of old pieces of Leather;
There lyes ſome Wool that he did gather
Left by the Sheep, as certain pledges,
They were entangled in the Hedges:
There Clouts and Papers little Mugs ſtops,
As in Apothecaries Drug-ſhops,
With Vinegar and Oyl for Sallads;
And there lys Books, and here lyes Ballads,
As *Davie Lindſay*, and *Gray-Steel*,
Squire Meldrum, *Bewis*, and *Adam Bell*,
There *Bruce* and *Wallace*, fierce-like *Mars* Knight:
There lyes *Dialogues* which his Arſe dights
There *Laſt-goodnight*, and *Chevie Chace*,
With *Gendarms* in the Frontiſpiece,
Which makes more weep, when they read on it.
Thou Curats Sermons, fie upon it!

And

And there lyes Bands, Shirts, and Cravats,
There two three Skins of Lambs and Rabbets,
For to commence a *London* Trade,
And this was all the Wealth he had.
But pardon me, I had forgot,
There was some other thing I wot;
I think it Powder was, and Leed
To shoot the Bishop through the head.

He takes a Bible with Covering worn off,
And ending and beginning torn off:
He reads, and then he says the Grace,
Then to his Victuals falls apace.

When first bitt scarce down throat was sliding,
Within a days march of the midding,
Then he a multitude espies
Approaching him with shouts and cries,
He leaves his victuals, falls a-gazing,
Just like a Tupp when he's a grazing,
When folks comes by, he slights his food,
Stares in their face and chews his Cude.
He thought these fools came out to meet him,
That first they might salute and greet him,
That afterwards they might him bring

With

With greater pomp unto the King.
Such honour at their entry-hours
Are due unto Embaſſadours.
Both duſt and ſweat from face he rubs off,
A Looking-glaſs he makes the Dubs of:
He trims his Beard, and then his Head too,
Rights Basket-hilt on Shoulder-blade too:
His hands he waſhes, pairs his nails,
Takes his Panaſh of Capons tails,
Which he pines on before his Hat;
He put about a clean Cravat,
And then upon his hands he ſtreeches
Two yellow Gloves, with green Silk ſteeches;
Leaps to his Horſe, and on he went,
To take and give the Complement:
While hips excoreat, made him ſwadle
Through all the corners of the Sadle.

When he the multitude approaches,
His eyes he fixt firſt on the Coaches,
Ranged like Wild-geeſe in a line;
Then cry'd he out, no friend of mine
If I can hinder thoſe, ſhall enter.
'Tis wonder people ſo ſhould venture,

To

To break their arms, and legs, and heads,
And to disjoynt their ſhoulder blades:
Ladies to have their naked Breeches
Both view'd and Lanced by the Leeches;
Which made ſome Husbands forth a Tuck hold,
Swearing the Rogue would make them Cuckold.
Thoſe made a Lady of our Land
Upon her neck and ſhoulders ſtand
With a third of half dozen Thighs,
Naked erected to the Skies;
And ere that poſture ſhe was got off,
Many did ſee the thing ye wot of;
Which when they told her, readily
She anſwered, ſhe wondred why
They did not kiſs't, and take their leave on't,
It was the laſt ſight they ſhould have on't:
She vow'd thereafter, well I wot,
VVith her Grand-dame to walk a-foot
VVhen Coach-men drinks, & Horſes ſtumble,
It's hard to miſs a Barla-fumble.

Then did he ſeriouſly begin
VVell to conſider thoſe within;
He ſoon perceived by their poſtures

They were no Nuns brought up in Cloyſters
To ſhow their Legs, ſome truſs their Laps,
Some throw off Scarffs to ſhow their Paps,
Some Masked were, the Sun to keep out,
Which lifting, now and then, they peep out.
Widows from Vails ſet out their Noſes,
As Snails do from their Shelly Houſes;
As they would ſay unto the Gallants,
Come, Gentlemen, behold our Talents:
Come nearer, that we may eſpy you,
If ye be ought worth, we will buy you:
Where, ten to one, ſome get a fortune,
As one did with my Lady *Nortoun*.

Among the reſt he did eſpy ones,
Whom he conceived to be Hee-ones:
Thoſe he believed were his Mates,
Embaſſadours of Kings and States,
To do him honour at his entry,
With the Nobility and Gentry:
He cry'd to them to keep the peace,
And not to wrangle for the place,
For all of them remembred well
Of that Bowtad of *Bateveit*,

Which

VVhich cost the lives of brave Commanders,
And well nigh lost his Master *Flanders*.
He bids them all take place by Lots,
No King had place, but he, of *Scots*,
VVhose Royal Ancestors, it's clear
Has kept one Race two thousand year;
VVhose Successors as yet escaped
The tricks of *Pipin*, and *Hugh Capet*.
Others are not of that condition,
They'r Kings but of a late Edition:
Though some be small, and others greater,
Yet who go first, or last, no matter;
For all their Gold, Spices, and VVines,
They come from interrupted Lines.

Being inform'd of his mistake,
It was to Ladies that he spake.
VVhat Devil they are? reply'd the Squire,
They'r men in Garb, and in Attire,
They've Vests, they've Swords, they've Piriwigs
They tread the measure of the Giggs,
Just like the men, their Buttocks vaper,
They cast their Gammonds up, and Caper;
They Cajole Ladies at the Balls too,

And

And ſtanding piſs againſt the VValls too:
They're Spurr'd & Booted when they ride too,
And gallop, when they Hunt, aſtride too,
VVith Swords and Piſtols they fight hard too,
Some have appearance of a Beard too:
And, which of all's the greateſt wonder,
They ly above, their Gallants under.
Me's Dames, quoth he, that we may ken
VVhether ye women be, or men,
It's fit ye open keep before
About a Trencher breadth, or more:
Ye're Monſters, if that do not meaſure
The Circuits of your Holes of pleaſure.

VVhile he was giving this advice,
They all ſurround him in a trice,
All wondring at his Equipage:
Some ask'd his Horſes price, and age:
If there came ſympathetick ſpeed
From Riders heel, or heel of Steed;
If there came an inchanting force
To Maſters Purſe, from Skin of Horſe;
Some, why no Spurrs, his ſides to claw,
And for Boots, ſeveral Ropes of Straw;

VVhy

Why Sodds for Sadle, and Branks for Bridle
And Plaids for Scarff about his middle.
Some asked his Panáshes price,
If't was a Bird of Paradice.
Some ask'd if Basket-Hilt and Dudgeon
Had ever set a work Chirurgeon,
Some Jeer'd the long Crown of his Hat,
Some at his Gloves, some his Cravat,
Asking more Questions at once
Then would have puzled *John* of *Dunce*,
Or *Bonaventure*, or *Soncinas*,
Or *Biel Ockam*, or *Aquinas*.

When *Sinan Basha* Charg'd a Hill,
To try his Military skill;
Though many a grievous wound it got
By Cannon, and by Musquet shot,
The Hill did neither bow nor bend,
Although he charg'd it thrice on end,
But still abode him face to face,
Chusing to die upon the place,
Rather then turn its back and yield;
Just so the Squire did keep the Field;
And bravely did receive their Tongue-shot,

Just

Juſt as the Hill did *Sinan*'s Gun-ſhot:
He ſtood as ſenſeleſs as a Stock is,
Or among raging Waves, a Rock is,
When furiouſly they knock its Crown,
To make it break, or make it drown.
At laſt, he ſaid, with ſober grace,
When ye grow hoarſe ye'll hold your peace.
Then fair and ſoftly on he tripped,
For, like a *Spaniard* when he's whipped,
He thought it was a great diſgrace
For to accelerat his pace.

When they him ſaw ſo little troubled,
Then they their Queſtions redoubled;
Some ask'd his errand, and his name,
And from what Potentat he came,
From *Turk*, or *Sophee*, or *Mogull*,
Who wear much Linnen on their Skull,
Or from either *Tartarian Cham*,
Who of their Horſe Hips make a Ham,
Or from *Pegu*, or from *Chine*,
Or from the Emperour *Abyſſine*,
Or from the *Muſcovite*, or *Poll*,
Or *Dane*, whoſe chiefeſt wealth is Toll,

Or from the *Emperor*, or the *Swede*,
Or *Hogen Mogen* Brother-hood;
From the *Savoyard*, or the *Swiſſe*,
Who Apples ſeeths with rooſted Geeſe:
From *Florentine*, or *Protugneſe*,
Or from *Morocco*, or from *Feſs*;
Or if he came from *Spain* or *France*,
Or from ſome *Indian* Weerowance,
To barter Gold and Beaver Skins
For Glaſſes, Beads, and Knives and Pins;
Or from the Presbyterian *Scots*,
Who never yet had turn'd their Coats.
Did he a Supplication bring
To put ill counſel from the King;
And that his Majeſty would grant
Renewing of the Covenant:
And had Commiſſion for to tell him,
If he refus'd, they would compel him.
When thus they preſſed him ſo faſt,
Patience turn'd fury at the laſt:
Theſe laſt words did him ſo inrage,
He fac'd about and gave a Charge;
Then with his Tongue out, thus he ſtutters,
With face awry, like old Cheeſe Cutters.

Ye

You curſed Antichriſtian Rable,
Ye Mungrels of the Whore of *Babel*,
Ye Sectaries, and Covenant-breakers,
Half Cukold, and half Cuckold-makers,
For all your flouting, and your tanting,
When we went firſt a-Covenanting,
Ye did us court, ye did us bribe,
Invited us, like *Juda's* Tribe,
To purge your ten Tribes of *Iſrael*
From *Jeroboams* Calf, and *Baal*:
Your money mov'd our Concience
To arm our ſelves in your defence.
When your intentions you had got,
And by our means, had under foot
Trode all your foes, and them defeated,
At laſt, we found we were but cheated.
Your quarrel was, pretended bondage,
By reaſon of Tunage and of Poundage,
To get Militia by Law,
To keep his Majeſty in aw:
To free your ſelves when money waxes
From Inquiſitions and Taxes:
Your only end was ſelf enriching,
Your ſole Religion was your Kitching.

You valued Puddings ſodd in Pocks
More then Religion Orthodox:
Whereas we witneſs God and Angels,
Prophets, Apoſtles, and Evangels,
For traſh, or any earthly thing,
We never did oppoſe the King:
Yea, all of us, both great and ſmall
Will quit him Lives, and Lands, and all
So he give way to purge the Temple,
As pleaſeth Mr. *Gabriel Semple.*
He ſpoke ſo thick, he pauſ'd a little,
And having cleans'd his Beard from ſpittle,
Like *Tindale* at the Stake, he cryes
Lord, open the King of *Englands* eyes,
And then his Majeſty will grant
Renewing of the Covenant.

Thus did he perorat his fliting,
As at *Tarantums* Spiders biting,
They were affected thereanent,
According to their Temperament.
Sanguinians did only laff,
Cholerick Melancholians chaff.
Some bade hang him, ſome bade ſtone him,
And

And ſome did Maſtives hunt upon him.
Some Daple under Tail did prick,
And made him bounce, and leap, and kick:
Some aim'd to tare his Straw Gramaſhes,
Some cries, have at Beard and Muſtaches:
Some graſped him about the middle,
Till Bumm did ſound like Gambo Fiddle:
Some would have Breeches down to whip him,
Some with their Nails would tare & nip him;
Some with Briars & Thorns would ſcratch him:
One fearing that they would diſpatch him,
Who was a man more moderat,
He made a Court'ſie with his Hat,
And begged leave to plead his Cauſe
According to the Nations Laws.

Contending with a fooliſh tongue,
Quoth he, is but a War with dung:
Though in the ſtrife ye prove victorious,
Dirt makes your finger-ends inglorious,
As lately happen'd unto one
Who needs would quarrel *Sanderſon*,
And prove he was a lying knave,
Of which, what credit could he have;

When he had done, he prov'd no more,
Then all the world knew before.
To take ſuch pains, imports as much
As any doubted he were ſuch.
Refuting ſuch as he, with words,
Is like Canarie waſhing Turds:
The Wine in taſte and hue grows meaner,
But Turds grow ne're a whit the cleaner.

This ſimile, though ſomewhat rude,
Yet ſo appeas'd the multitude,
That by degrees their clamour fell,
Like ſound of Lute-ſtring, or of Bell,
When Thumb or Hammer of a Clock
Gives the Epilogizing ſtroak.
And in the end theſe furious Cryers
Stood ſilent like obſervant Friars,
Or like to Dumbies making Signs,
Or like to Fidles wanting Strings,
Or like to Salmons, or to Codds,
Or Turks, when they took in the *Rhodes*.
Then piece and piece they dropt away,
As ripe Plumbs in a rainy day;
Till in the end, they all were gone,
And left him ſtanding all alone.

Likeas, we do obſerve and ſee
In thoſe who are condemn'd to die,
That they are ſore annoy'd and troubled,
At firſt, when they caſt off their Doublet,
Truſs up their hair, their eyes blind-fold,
That they may not grim Death behold:
Thinking their neck the ſtroak is hard on,
If any tell them of a Pardon,
Although their heart be lighted ſomewhat,
Yet fear and hope fight ſtill a Combat,
Till that they hear the Air to ring
With Clamours of, *God ſave the King*:
Then hope triumphs, and fear doth vaniſh,
Like grief, when it's expell'd by *Spaniſh*,
Juſt ſo the Squire, when all at once
They him oppreſt with Fiſts and Stones,
A gelide fear his heart poſſeſſed,
His final hour approach't he gueſſed:
Trembling he ſtood, in a Quandarie,
And purg'd, as he had eaten Larie:
As was confirmed by the ſpeeches
Of thoſe who after waſht his Breeches.
When he perceived the retreat,
That flight, quoth he, is but a cheat.

Like that of *Greeks*, for to deſtroy
An ancient City, called *Troy*,
By help of that Tree Horſe of *Pallas*;
It is ſome ſtratagem of *Wallace*,
Who in a Pig-mans Weed, at *Bigger*,
Eſpied all the *Engliſh* Leagure.
But when he found by certain trial,
The retreat was not forg'd, but real,
Then did he reſolution ſhow,
And like a Cock began to crow.

One man, quoth he, oft-times hath ſtood,
And put to flight a multitude,
Like *Sampſon*, *Wallace*, and Sir *Bewis*,
And *Finmacoul* beſide the *Lews*,
Who in a Bucking time of year
Did rout and chaſe a Herd of Deer,
Till he behind, and they before,
Did run a hundred Miles and more,
Which queſtionleſs prejudg'd his Toes,
For Red-ſhanks then did wear no Shoes;
For to this day they wear but Calf ones,
Or, if of older Leather, half ones.
He chaſed them ſo furiouſlie,

That

That they were forc'd to take the Sea,
And ſwam from *Cowel* into *Arran*,
In which Soil, though it be but barren,
As learned Antiquaries ſay,
Their Off-ſpring lives unto this day.
But pardon me for ſuch digreſſions,
For, were it not for ſuch expreſſions
Which from the Muſes we extort,
Our Poems would be very ſhort.

Then did the Squire obteſt, and pray,
And them conjur'd that they would ſtay,
For he had quarrel againſt none
But *Ralph* the Squire, and *Sanderſon*,
Which two, as every body knows,
Are Presbyterians mortal foes:
Th'one calls them Bears by Allegory,
That other Fellow wrot a Story,
In which he doth them ſcandalize ſo,
That all the Devils bluſh, he lies ſo;
Thinking it would be liked well,
He ſent a Copy into Hell,
To be perus'd in a Committe,
Then ſaid a Devil which was wittie,

It serves for nothing, tell the fool,
But to be Napkins at the Stool,
When men exonerat their Tripes,
Or lighting of Tobacco Pipes;
For Hells affairs are ne're atchiev'd
By railing fools, of none believ'd:
Hells fittest Agents, as all grants,
Are those who are reputed Saints.
And thus he made an end of praying.

Then all began to think of staying,
And one another did exhort
For to return and see the sport;
But *Sanderson* appeared not,
Stout *Ralph* amated not a jot,
Bravely and resolutely did fall up,
First at the trot, then at the gallop;
Just as the *Huggonots*, victorious
At *Coutrus*, charg'd the Duke of *Joyeus*,
And was upon him ere he wist,
Menaceing him with Tongue and Fist,
With all the Rable in his Rear,
Who followed him to see and hear.

The

The Squire, who only ſpoke in jeſt,
Seeing what he expected leaſt;
He thought they verily were gone,
And that the ſtorm was over blown,
Surprized with the ſudden danger
Of *Ralph*, in ſuch a furious anger,
Whom he thought did already ſpurn him,
He knew not to what hand to turn him;
At laſt, his tongue and teeth commenced
To vent Adages and Sentences.

It is a ſaying wiſe and old,
Quoth he, to make a Bridge of Gold
To fleeing enemies, it's beſt
To let a ſleeping Maſtive reſt,
Leſt he, awaken'd with our knockings,
Tare all our Breeches and our Stockings,
And to the boot, our Shin-bones hole up,
And from our Buttocks take a Collop:
And with his furious teeth our throats cut,
Down which we watered Meal of Oats put;
Which we prefer, with *Loch-Broom* Herring,
To all the King of *Babel's* fareing.

A fooliſh tongue, without remead,
Brings miſchief on the owners head;
It is a peſtilentious Clout,
Cauſing contagion all about;
It raiſeth jealouſies and fears,
Yokes Kings and Subjects by the ears.
What was it elſe, but tittle tattle,
That brought our Brethren out to Battle?
What ſtops them more from turning Loyal,
Then tongues of ſome, eſteemed Royal?
With which they perſecute thoſe poor ſouls,
As ſetting Dogs do Pouts and Muirfowls;
At laſt, within their Netts enſnared,
And from all hope of pardon barred,
They force thoſe poor men, under hand,
Still to rebel, to get their Land.

My tongue will bring me to that paſs,
Quoth he, to which was *Hudibras*,
Who, when with honour he had got off,
In the adventure that ye wot off,
He not content, but ſeeking more,
Loſ'd all that he had gain'd before;
And was brought to a priſon Tragick,

In

In Wooden Caſtle, made by Magick;
Where he too late laments his miſhapes,
As Ladies, when they do not Miſclaps
From Gallants, of their own procuring,
From Husbands, when they go a-whoring.

Having diſpatch'd this *Phrygian* wiſdom,
Like Malefactor getting his doom,
He ſtrained what he could, to ſhew
A *tres bon mein en mauvais Jeu.*
He out with Basket-hilt and Dudgeon,
(While from his eyes came a deludge on,
As from the eyes of Children whipped,
Or ſore Horſe-eyes, with Vitriol nipped;)
Stands at his poſture, Fencer-like,
And was within an Ace to ſtrike;
Yet on the ſudden, doth adviſe.
To take a courſe by far more wiſe.

Wiſe men, quoth he, as all men knows,
Try all things firſt, ere they try blows:
When *Rome* to Conquer, all was haſting,
Peace was the firſt, War was the laſt thing
They did practiſe to ſubdue Nations,

Who

VVho loved not such Innovations.
If I the truth of Story miss not,
This is the Cardo of the Dispute.
And if my reasons do no good,
I'le dye their Breeches with their Blood:
But this within himself he mutters,
And then these words to *Ralph* he utters.

VVhat means this furious hurly burly?
Friend *Ralph*, quoth he, I tell thee surely,
I am no private man; believe,
I am a Representative:
To force me to Degladiations,
Is contrare to the Law of Nations:
Though thou me should bang back and side,
I could it (Honour safe) abide.
Brave *Mansfield*, challeng'd by *Baumari*,
Refused once to fight at *Paris*;
Because he did Negotiat
VVith Publick Trust Affairs of State.
The *Spanish* Agent *Don Henriques*,
Put up a great affront of *Criques*,
VVho once at *Rome*, his pride to danton,
His Nose saluted with a Panton.

Doſt thou eſteem me ſuch a Coward,
To be afraid of one as thou art?
Thy threatnings are like Childrens Squibs,
Though they ſinge Cloaths, they break no Ribs.
VVere it not that my Sword is ruſted,
VVere it not that I am entruſted
VVith things of ſuch a high concernment,
As Presbyterian Church-Government;
For all thy frownings and thy cloudings,
I would ſend Sun-ſhine through thy Puddings.
I do thee as a friend adviſe,
(Tis better ſoon then late be wiſe)
That thou would let alone this Sword-fight,
And graple with me in a Word-fight;
Let's try who others beſt can Confute,
This is the Cardo of the Diſpute,
If Synod-members, and Church-wardens
Be Bears, and Synods be Bear-Gardens.
Thou doſt affirm, I do deny,
Prov't if thou can, I thee defy.

One might have known by *Ralpho's* face,
He lov'd not VVar ſo well as Peace;
He only counterfeited courage,

His

His wrath, teeth forward, [illegible] rage;
Yet he his passion so dissembled,
That Squire as first both shak'd and trembled;
But when he heard the Squire speak big words,
That in his Belly he would dig Swords,
He looked then as if his Nose bled,
And such a Flea within his Hose had,
That in his mind was great confusion,
Till he considered the conclusion;
Where Peace was offered, and the War gone,
He gave God thanks, like Praise God *Bairbot*,
A good heart to himself he took then,
And these same very words he spoke then,
Which once the great Turk *Solymanus*
Spoke to *Victorius Lilladinus*;
Having him under, at such odds,
That he was forc'd to quit the *Rhodes*.

I'me glade to hear that now thy mind
Is more to Peace then War inclin'd;
Then adds he, fighting is a fool thing,
What doth it else but sturt and dool bring.
It's better Tongues decide the matter,
Then other Noddles pelt and batter.

Now

Now others beck, now others Dock hit,
As feathred Fencers do in Cock-pit;
Who fights but in their own defences,
Let them be Kings, let them be Princes,
By Law and Reaſon I them can bind,
That they are enemies to mankind;
As witneſſeth Sir *Thomas Kellie*,
And *Grotius de Jure Belli*.
What are ſuch Warriours but oppreſſors,
And many times we ſee aggreſſors,
Who trouble other mens repoſes,
Gain nothing elſe but bloody Noſes:
Who quarrels pick with Neighbour Nations,
Get Halberts thruſt through their Fundations,
As we may read in many a Book
Of *Charles* that *Burgndian* Duke.
Poor High-way-men, with tattred hoſe, are
Not Robbers half ſo great, as thoſe are,
Who Diadems wear on their head,
And make ſo many living dead;
And ſo much Chriſtian blood miſpends,
Either for *French* or *Spaniſh* ends:
Theſe firſt, poor Rogues, will pick a Pocket,
And break a Door up when it's locket;

And on the High-way will a Purſe take,
When cold and hunger makes their Guts ake.
Thoſe latter, with their Armies Legions,
Robes Kingdoms, Caſtles, Towns and Regions:
As ſaid two ten Tuns Ships Commander
To *Macedonian Alexander.*

But now, let us come to the queſtion,
The which was raiſed the Conteſt on,
Since thou ſo hard doſt put me to it,
I'le let thee ſee that I can do it:
And have both will and wit to reckon,
And beat thee at thy own tongue-weapon.
Better perhaps, then thou believes,
I'le prove theſe two affirmatives:
That Synod-menbers, and Church-wardens
Are Bears, and Synods are Bear-gardens.
Thus ſaid, his fingers he diſpatches
Unto his head, and winking ſcratches,
Firſt from the Van, unto the Reer,
And then athwart, from ear to ear;
While like ſagacious Hound, he traces,
And windeth all the Topick places:

Till

Till in the end prepared, *Satis*,
He disputes thus a *Comparatis*.

And first, quoth he, it's clear to all;
They have the same original:
For twenty Shillings to a Bodle,
Both are the birth of humane nodle.
Both are in that degree of kin,
As other brethren uterine.
Its certain, there is never a word
Of either, in Scripture, on record:
And without question and all doubt,
Thus Bear-baiting may be made out
By holy writ, as lawful as is,
That Chain of Presbyrerian Classis.
This for their birth; now for their nature,
If with deliberation mature
The case we ponder, beasts of prey
And rapine, as are Bears are they
Who do establish Gospel order
By Rapine, Sacriledge, and Murder.
What are their Orders, Constitutions,
Church-censures, Curses, Absolutions?

But several mystick Chains they make,
To ty poor Christians to the Stake:
And then set Heathen Officers,
Instead of Dogs, about their ears.

What else are Synods, but Bear-gardens,
Where Elders, Deputies, Church-wardens,
And other members of the Court
Manage the *Babylonish* sport:
For Prolocutor, Scribe, and Bear-ward,
Do differ only in a meer word:
Both are but several Synagogues
Of Carnal men, and Bears, and Dogs:
Both Antichristian Assemblies,
To mischief bent, as far's in them lyes:
Both staave and tail with fierce contests,
The one with men, the other Beasts:
The difference is, the one fights with
The tongue, the other with the teeth:
And that they bait but Bears in this,
In th'others Souls and Consciences.

This to the Prophet did appear
Who in a Vision saw a Bear

Prefiguring

Prefiguring the beaſtly rage
Of Church-rule, in this latter age;
Where every Hamlet is govern'd
By's Holineſs, the Churches head:
More haughty, and ſevere in's place,
Then *Hildebrand*, or *Boniface*.
Such Church, muſt ſurely be a Monſter
With maney heads, for if we Conſter
What in th'*Apocalyps* we find,
According to th'Apoſtles mind;
Ti's, that the Whoore of *Babylon*,
With many heads, did ride upon.

The Paſtors who do rule this Kirk,
What are they, but the handy-work
Of mens Mechanick Paws, inſtilling
Divinity in them, by feeling.
From whence they ſtart up choſen Veſſels,
As folks, by touching, get the Meazles.
So Cardinals, they ſay, do grope
At th'other end, the new made Pope.
Bell and the *Dragon*'s Chaiplans, were
More moderat then them, by far:
For they, poor Knaves, were glade to cheat,

To get their Wives and Children meat;
But theſe will not be fob'd off ſo,
They muſt have wealth and power too;
Or elſe they'l make their party good,
By making Nations ſwim in blood.
And thus I reaſoned the Caſe,
Once with my Maſter *Hudibras*.
All that I ſaid was too prolix,
Here to repeat, I only fix
Upon the Morrow, with a few words,

What thou has ſaid's not worth two Cow (Turds
Reply'd the Squire, and then he ſmites
Fore-head with Fiſt, to rouſe his wits;
Which ſtraight did take th'alarm ſo hot,
That down to Tongue and Teeth they got:
From whence, thus worded out, they flie,
Like Bullets from Artilerie.

Ye Sectaries, quoth he, have bee-heads,
Thy prats, a *Cerberus*, with three-heads:
Neither of which barks any bon-ſence,
But railing, blaſphemy, and non-ſence:
Thou'rt ignorant in Logicks Art,

As

As I will ſhow thee ere we part.
But to the point, now I will cloſe,
And reaſon διαλεκτικῶς.
And firſt, I ſay, for my defence,
Thy argument wants Conſequence:
Though things agree to both together,
It follows not the one's the other.
Affirmatives, in ſecond figure,
Nothing conclude in Logicks Ligure,
Which any conſtant man believes,
So we may prove *Financiers* Thieves,
Camelions Beef and Cabbage eaters,
And Lawyers, and Phyſicians, cheaters.
That Horſe are Men, and Owls are Ounces,
That Privie Counſellers are Dunces:
That Chamber-pots are Looking Glaſſes,
And Senators of Juſtice Aſſes:
That Colledges, and Muſes Cavernes
Are Bawdie-houſes turn'd, and Taverns:
That Stews are places of Contrition,
And Pulpits, Trumpets of Sedition:
And *Merlines* Propheſies Evangels,
And *Dees* Spirits holy Angels:
That all new Scurvies are the Pox,

That

That Quakers Books are Orthodox:
That rosted Wildcat is fed Lam,
That *Gresham* Colledge is a *Bedlam*:
Most of our first Reformers bad-men,
And all the House of Commons mad-men:
That Tallow Cakes are Ambergreese,
That Sun and Moon are *Cheshire* Cheese
And Whiggs, as loyal in Opinions,
As any of the Kings Dominions.

This for thy form, now for thy matter,
Thou rails one some, others to flatter:
Thy *Medium's* seeming true, yet false are,
As Turnips growing in the Paltzar;
Or any other fertile ground,
Hollow with Worms, though skin be sound:
Like Aples in the Lake of *Sodom*,
Like beauties clapped in the Bodom;
Like sour Drink in Silver Tankers:
Like Golden Petticoats on Shankers:
Like bald Heads with Periwiggs:
Like sweet Powder on frisled Giggs,
With aged Ladies now in fashion,
When they would play beside the Cushion.

But

But who reaſon in generals,
Th'argument contentions and brauls,
They bring but bout-gates, and golinzies,
Like Dempſter diſputing with *Meinzies*,
Men hardly can ſcratch others faces,
When they are diſtant twenty paces;
Il'e neerer come thy thruſts to Paree,
Whereas thou doſt Argumentaree,
That Bear-baiting may be made out,
Without all queſtion and doubt,
By holy Writ, as lawful as is,
Lay-elder-Presbyterian Claſſis.
Though few be clear, how doth the thing go?
I anſwer unto thee *diſtinguo*:
For if thou mean by Text expreſs,
Thou ſpeak'ſt the truth, as all confeſs.
This is our Orthodox Defence,
Presbytries prov'd by Conſequence,
It is no Popiſh ſuperſtition,
By conſequential tradition
To prove an Article of Faith,
As learned *Polyander* ſaith.
What have our Doctors elſe to ſay
For Pædobaptiſm, or that day

Why

Which chang'd was, when the Church ſpoke
From laſt to firſt day of the Week. (Greek
If thou were put to this diſtreſs,
To prove Biſhops by word expreſs.
Then Oyſter-wives might lock their Fiſh up,
Come to the Streets, and cry, No *Biſhop*.

Whereas thou doſt affirm and ſay,
Presbytry-men are Beaſts of Prey,
VVho do eſtabliſh Goſpel-order
By Rapine, Sacriledge, and Murder:
Thy reaſon hear both but and ben halts,
It's not the cauſes, but the mens faults.
Unto that Sore, I gave this Plaiſter,
VVhen I did diſpute with my Maſter:
To blame a cauſe, for perſons vices
Is one of Satans main devices,
VVherewith he very oft doth make
VVell-meaning men the truth forſake.
It's not ſuperfluous and vain
To tell a good Tale ov'r again.

None can deny but theſe things fell out,
But the true cauſe thou doſt not ſmell out.

Thy

Thy fallacy conſiſts in this,
Thou mak'ſt a cauſe where no cauſe is.
Children are teached in the Schooles,
VVho reaſon ſo, they are but fools.
VVas never yet a Reformation
Of Church, in any Age or Nation,
But ſtill the Devil, to make it vain,
The outmoſt of his wits doth ſtrain:
He beats all Hell up with a Taber,
To make Reformers loſe their labour.
VVhen firſt he ſees he doth no good
By perſecution and blood,
By ſeeming Sheep, and yet but Goats,
By VVeeds appearing VVheat and Oats,
By ſeeming Diamonds, yet but Glaſs,
By ſeeming, Gold and yet but Braſs,
By Serpents in appearance Fiſh,
By Silver Potles fill'd with Piſh,
By Saints without, and Fiends within,
He ſtrives the cauſe to undermine:
As is recorded in the Pages
Of Stories written in all Ages.
VVhen Chriſt appeared, came a *Theudas*,
And with Saint *Peter*, came a *Judas*;

VVith

With *Luther*, *Rotmans* Knipperdolings,
Who troubled *Munſter* with their foolings.
David Georges, *Johns* of *Leyden*,
As is at large deſcrib'd by *Sleyden*.
When *Calvin* came, then came *Socinians*:
When *Perbins* came, then came *Arminians*:
With *Henderſons*, and *Cants*, and *Trails*,
Came ſome, who whisked Ladies Tails.
Who for ſuch take us, are to blame, as
One would revile St. *Paul* for *Demas*.
And others alſo came, to wit,
Theſe Locuſts of the th'Infernal Pit:
Who ſeem'd at firſt all Covenant-takers,
But ſtraight turned Anabaptiſts, Quakers,
Artemonits, Photinions,
Servetians, Socinians,
Manitheans, Novations,
Scepticks, and Corpocrocians,
Prochánits, Sabellians,
Setheans, Circumcellians;
Herodians, Herminians,
Somonians, Armenians,
Docitheans, Menandrians,
Eunomeans, Caſſandrians,

Eutichians,

Eutichians, Neſtorians,
And Doctor *Hernry Morians*;
Noetians, and Martionitæ,
Gnoſticks, and Anthropomorphits,
Gortheans, and Calphurnitans,
And Mr. *Gilbert Burnetans*;
Meletians, and Arrians,
And Antiſabatarians;
Helvidians, Cainians,
Coluthians, Agrippinians;
Some Chiliaſts, and Lampetians,
Some prove Melchizedecians,
Cleobians, Florinians,
And ſome prove Maximinians:
Abelians, Thebuſians,
Ophitæ, and Pepuſians,
Rhetorians, Quintilianiſts,
Circoteriſts, Priſtilianiſts,
Eucratits, Hermogenians,
Marians, and Origenians,
Corintheans, and Alogians:
Some half ſome whole Peligians,
Some Antitactæ, ſome Montences;
Aſcitæ ſome, ſome Royatenſes,

Some

Some Donatiſts, Volefians,
Some Archonticks, ſome Ætians.
And ſome turn Theodotians;
Taſcodrongits, Nepotians,
And ſome Diſciples turn'd of *Brown*,
VVho firſt infected every Town;
Doritheans, and Fratricels,
Some Neiloriſts, with Hood and Bells;
Some *Tranſilvanian Tritheitæ*,
VVho once made drunk with Aquavitæ:
VVith Fiſts *Alſtedius* did belabour,
And tore the Beard of *Bethlehem Gabor*:
Some *Adamits*, who as the ſpeech is,
Caſt off their Petticoats and Breeches:
Some other Hereticks more groſs,
Deſcrib'd by *Alexander Roſs*;
For which, at preſent I want time,
And though I had, I have not Rhime.

That thy Bear-ſimile may jump,
Thoſe were our Tails, that was our *Rump*,
VVhich from our Buttocks being broke off,
Did all theſe horrid things you ſpoke of.
But if thou ſtill inſiſt to rail,

Saying,

Saying, we did them with our Tail:
That cavel's very quickly put off,
'Twas with our Tails, when they were cut off.
If with my cut off Arms and Legs
Thou Biſhops Noddles Cruſh like Eggs;
Not I, late owner of the ſame,
But thou who ſtrikes, muſt bear the blame.
It's true indeed, at the beginning
VVe ſmelled thoſe things were a-ſpinning;
But who leads Ladies through the ſtreets,
Expecting favour within Sheets,
Coming to places, fy upon't,
VVhere none but one can paſs in front,
So Barricado'd is the way,
With emptied Privies, Mire and Clay:
If they find no clean place to ſtand on,
Yet ere their Miſtriſs they abandon,
Through dung they march, like a bold Fellow,
Till Shoes and Stockins grow Gold yellow.
This is our eaſe, if I have skill,
Make the *Apodoſis* who will,
The ſum is in our ends, we mean well,
Though means we us'd, cannot ſuſtain well.

Whereas

Whereas thou ſayeſt, our Conſtitutions,
Church-cenſures, Curſes, Abſolutions,
Are ſeveral Myſtick Chains we make,
To ty poor Chriſtians to the Stake,
And then ſet Heathen Officers
Inſtead of Dogs about their ears.
At all thou doſt not prove the queſtion,
The which was raiſed the Conteſt on.
Madneſs within thy Brains hath far got,
Proving them Bears, thou proves they are not.
Whoever yet did ſee or hear,
That Bears yoak't Dogs upon a Bear?
As ſaid thy Maſter, that brave man too,
Who reaſon'd better then I can do,
If Synod-Members, and Church-wardens
Be no Bears, Synods no Bear-gardens
Are, as to theſe is evident, *Satis*,
Who reaſon can a *Conjugatis*.
Thus worſe then any man believes,
Thou proves theſe two affirmatives:
And after thou has Crackt ſo crouſe,
Thy Mountains do bring forth a Mouſe.

Where

None love the King, but who blaſpheme,

And ſtill make holy Writ the Scale, on
Which they take meaſures for to rail on.
Presbytrie for the King more ſtout, as
Thoſe whom the very Children flout, as
Champions, who though tongue-valiant,
Yet meeting with a fierce aſſailant,
Though with their tongue they take his part,
Their actions are not with a fart.
They may well drink his health in Taverns,
And ſpeak big words in Holes and Caverns
Deviſing Stories, Lies, and Fables;
Call his moſt Loyal Subjects Rebels;
But when they come to blows and knocks,
They face about, and turn their Docks.
Runs to their Pottle, which they mind moſt,
Crying, the Devil take the hind-moſt.

Where thou ſay'ſt, Preachers of our Kirk,
And Paſtors, are the handie-work
Of mens mechanick paws, inſtilling
Divinity in them by feeling:
From whence they ſtart up choſen Veſſels,
As men by touch get Itch and Meazels.
I ſee not clearly what thou means here,

I think thou blaſphemy ſuſtains here:
This with our Church Monomachie
Ends with a Gigantomathie.
Firſt, having fallen on her out-works,
Or hedge, thy fancy round about works,
Till in the end thou find occaſion,
Thinking ſhe can make no evaſion:
Then thou with this blaſphemous dart
Thinks for to ſhoot her through the heart:
Like Malefactor ty'd to Poſt,
By railing on the Holy Ghoſt.
The author of Manual Impoſition,
By Text expreſs, and by Tradition,
Thy own and others ſouls deluding,
By ſuch prophane ſimilituding.
No *Porphyre*, *Julian*, or *Celſus*,
(As all the ancient Stories tells us)
The Chriſtian Faith blaſphem'd, as thou doth,
And others like thee, not a few doth:
VVho bred, out of the peccant humors
Of this our Church, like Wens and Tumors;
Like Maggots bred within a ſore,
Would that which gave them life devour.
Thou'lt ſay, theſe laſt four Lines were ſtollen.

I answer with that Red-shank sullen,
Once challenged, for stealling Beef.
I stole then from another Thief.
Now since thy Sophistrie's confuted,
I end, to have my Lungs recruited.

When *Ralph* intended to reply,
His voice was drowned with a cry
Of those, contending who the better
Had, of the Champions, some the latter,
Some the first, and some said neither,
And some affirm'd, they knew not whether.

There was, among the rest, a fellow
Of swarthy hue, enclin'd to yellow;
His hide enambled with itch was,
He just splea-footed, like a Witch was:
He was both broad and tall of person,
With a long Sword behind his Arse on,
Which he said was to serve the King;
Some think he meant another thing:
However he was such a person
'Twas thought among them all was scarce one
Who better understood how things went,

What

What Rumps and Presbytries disigns meant,
And the Kings too, it's known he
Had sometime served all the three.
They all conjured then alone him,
That he would take the speech upon him,
And finally decide the matter,
Who had the worst, who had the better:
Which unto him would be but small pains,
Who under all had made no small gains:
At which requist the Cacodæmon
Upon him took to be Palemon.
While Advocats of both the Parties
With earnest and with piercing heart eyes
Expect his doome, like *Nero* praying
For justice to his Fidle playing.

It's sport, quoth he, to be Spectators
To such a pair of Gladiators:
To see how they on other thump,
He the Lay-elders, he the Rump,
Others affront with such disgraces,
And so throw dung on others faces.
When thieves reckon, it's oft-times known
That honest people get their own.

By ſad experience found it was, how
That both theſe parties, *pari paſſu*
Had ruine brought, and deſolations
On their own, and their neighbours Nations:
When one the other had ov'rcome,
And trode all under foot at home,
Then they ſend out their wooden high-towers,
To trouble the repoſe of Neighbours:
And ſome times hither, ſome times thither,
Set *Europe* by the ears together:
That troubled with their mutual factions,
They might not pry into their actions:
Which were, as all the World doth ken,
Abhorred both by God and men.
Nought more ſecureth deſperat matters,
Then fiſhing doth in troubled waters.
By ſuch like policy and ſlight,
They brought their power to ſuch a hight,
That *Denmark*, *Holland*, *France*, and *Spain*,
And *Sweden* did ſtrive with might and main,
With humble and ſubmiſſive ſpeeches,
To get the firſt kiſs of their Breeches.
They brought upon all ſuch a terror,
All ſeem'd to idolize their error,

But

But thanks to God, and *Albemarle*,
We now delivered are from peril.

But none to thee, reply'd the Squire,
(His breaſt ſo filled was with ire,
That's eyes both ſparkled and ſcintilled)
Like Wolf, or Wild-cat, when it's killed.
It's known thou didſt what e're thou could,
(But yet not ſo much as thou would)
To make us ſtill under that peril
which was remov'd by *Albemarle*.
To proſpering King loyal to wonder,
Still traitor to him when at under.
VVhen thou, at playing with both hands,
Has got Inheritance and Lands,
Thou takes upon thee now to teach,
And like a Fox, to Lambs doth Preach.
That both of us did deſolations
And ruine bring upon the Nations,
I anſwer, both did miſchief bring,
VVe by miſtake, they by deſign:
VVhen all is true thou ſay'ſt, yet that's but
Like Monkeys Cheſnuts, with a Cats foot
Pulling from Aſhes, or from Embers:

Bathrons

Bathrons for grief of ſcoarched members,
Doth fall a ſuffing, and meawing,
While Monkeys are the Cheſnuts Chewing:
Yet more by policy then force,
They made our Brethren, Foot and Horſe
To pull them Cheſnuts from the fire,
And wealth and power to them acquire:
By which they did all Europ toſs,
While we got infamy and loſs.
Though I ſhould teeth beat, like a Tabor,
With tongue, I fear I loſe my labour.
We by experience do find,
That a proud ſtubborn froward mind
With prejudice intoxicated,
Can hardly be indoctrinated:
And yet my labour's not miſpent,
If any be indifferent,
They'l find, as Sun doth ſhine in clear day,
That we were only Rogues by hear-ſay,
But fools indeed, which we will mend
When we grow wiſer, there's an end.
But now I ſtraight will to the King,
Diſcharge the Meſſage which I bring:
Perhaps his Majeſty will grant,

If well informed, what we want.
However, I hope he will not fail
To hear till I tell out my tale.
Though others foam, and fret, and chaff,
I hope his Majeſtie will laff.
Having this ſpoke, his Horſe he ſwitches,
Firſt on the Snowt, then on the Breeches;
Who half a ſleep, at laſt was got
With much difficulty to trot.
Yet ſome times paus'd he in the middle,
Like Cadance keepers to a Fiddle;
With reſt alternative, and motion,
The Squire rides on with great devotion,
Till he came to his journeys end,
H'alights, and doth not long attend,
When ſome there came, who did him bring
Straight to the preſence of the King;
Whom he eſpying, bow'd his knee,
And ſaid, if't pleaſe your Majeſtie.

The ſun indifferently on all ſhines,
As well on low Shrubs, as on tall Pines:
God hears the cry's of rich and poor:
Wiſe *Solomon*, to right a Whore

Reſolv'd

Reſolv'd a doubt, to all mens wonder,
Feigning to cleave the child aſunder.
Your Majeſties wiſdom inherent,
And goodneſs, who are Gods Vicegerent,
Will not diſdain to hear complaints
Of us, though but rejectaments.
Ye'll hear me, Sir, defend our Cauſe,
Though it be contrare to the Laws:
That ye may ſolve that Gordian knot,
If we be Rebells, and if not;
If we be fools, wh'affirms we're neither,
He is a liar, though my Father.
I'le uſe no ſpeech with Art beſprinkled,
Like Fairding on a face that's wrinkled:
Without Rhetoricating fond ſhows,
While I ſpeak, Sir, as't in the ground grows,
If ye a gracious ear afford,
Shame fall me if I lie a word.

Moſt men affirm, they do not ſee what
We Non-Conformiſts now would be at:
That we're more ſundred in opinions,
Then are the King of *Spains* Dominions:
Then gazers on the late new Star were,

Then

Then the Commanders at *Dunbar* were.
Then Lawyers and Phyſicians Counſels,
Then Wives who Kail and Herbs in Town ſells;
Canvaſſing things in Church and State,
When drink has ſet aloft our Pate.
Where once w'agree, three times we ſquable,
As doth a Bag-pipe's Baſe and Treble.
One fears that which another hopes for,
Like Cardinals, when they make Popes, or
Like Heirs of Line, or Heirs of Tailzies,
Or Gild, or Tradeſmen making Bailzies.
Now whether theſe be rants and flaws,
Devis'd, Sir, to defame our Cauſe;
Or whether there be ſomething in it,
Hear out my Tale, now I begin it:
If I conjecture not amiſs,
The marrow of the matter's this.

Some while ago, Sir, I was ſent
Your Majeſty to complement,
To beg ſome Preachers which we wanted,
But ere I came, Sir, they were granted:
When all expected thanks moſt hearty
To you, from all the godly party;

I was

I was informed by a Letter,
Were grown the Devil a whit the better.
Our old blind zeal within us ſtill bides,
We haunt Conventicles on Hill-ſides,
Gives to our Preachers blows and knocks,
For which we'r put in Irons and Stocks.
I wondred what the matter meant,
I thought, Sir, that the Devil was in't,
At length I was inform'd of new,
The fault was only of a few;
Not of us all, and theſe we ken
Have ever been *John Thomſons* men,
That is ſtill ruled by their Wives,
Who carping at ſome Preachers lives,
And reading their erroneous Books,
Oppugning Doctrine Orthodox:
Cry'd out, Prophanity and Atheiſm,
Groſs Popery and Arminianiſm
Is brought upon us by the Prelats,
With ſuch expreſſions, thoſe Shee-zealots
Wrought ſo upon their Husbands fancy,
That they from Fever fell to Frenzy,
Threw at their Preachers Stones and Clods,
As ſetters up of other Gods,

As *Baal*, *Beelzebub*, and *Dagon*,
The Apocalyptick Whore and Dragon.

Though such proceedings be half treason,
Yet to inform you there is reason:
If any introduce the Schisme
Of Popery, or Arminianisme.
That Popes, Sir, are most dangerous things
To Princes, Emperours, and Kings,
They set their feet upon their neck,
They make them, Sir, kneel down and beck,
To hold their Sirrop when they ride,
And run like Lackeys at their side:
They make them bow down mouth and nose,
To kiss, and smell, their sweaty toes:
Makes them stand bare-foot at their Gates,
And buy their peace at monstrous rates.
They must have from them power all,
Both spritual and temporal,
Or they'l hunt men to cut their throats,
And blow them up with Powder plots;
As both your Grand-fathers can tell,
Yea, they will curse their souls to hell,
And give their Kingdoms to another,

Who

Who pays most to their Bastards Mother,
It's long since for the Holy Ghost
At *Rome Olympias* rul'd the Roost:
Who think the practice far more sweeter
Of *Simon Magus*, then *Simon Peter*.
That I speak truth, Sir, within measure,
Appears by *Don Olympias* Treasure,
The next Successor of St. *Peter*
Thought he could take a course no fitter,
Then part the Simoniack pelf,
And take the one half to himself.
Then said one, though a Conclave Brother,
It went from one Thief to another.

Strange! any Orthodox Divine
Should doubt who is the Man of Sin?
Which questionless they had not done,
If they had read on *Paul* and *John*,
Who paints him in their Prophesies,
As they had seen him with their eyes.
What e're Divine of your Dominions
Vents to the world such opinions,
Let them be Gold, let them be Glass,
A Serpent lurks within the Grass.

It's

It's thought the Earl of *Wiltshire*'s Spaniel
Knew Antichrist, foretold by *Daniel*,
And *Paul* and *John*, better then they
Who study Scripture every day.
When that the Pope held out his foot
For to be kissed round about,
Wond'ring to see the Carle so vain,
He snatch'd it till he piss'd again.
This much of those erroneous Books,
Oppugning Doctrine Orthodox.

Next, Sir, as for those Preachers lives,
So much cry'd out on by our Wives,
All the account that I can give on't
Is, that my Minnie hath the lave on't.
I wish them keep a sober diet,
Or, if they drink, Sir, keep it quiet:
If openly they haunt the Brewers,
We'll not secure them from stone-throwers.
We cannot help it for our life,
Sir, who can rule a Lawless Wife?
To make a willful Wife her fits mend,
Would put your self, Sir, to your wits end.
Though they cause whip them through the

Though they them hang, though they them drown,
Seing Prieſts drunk at third Bell ringing,
They'l up with ſtones, and fall a flinging.

And thus, Sir, I have ſhew'd you how
The fault is only of a few,
And not of all, and their defence
Is, that they follow Conſcience:
If it be ſo, by *Biſhops* leaves,
They cannot well be called knaves:
What e're they be, it may be ſaid,
Knaves never yet a Conſcience had.
And that a greater ſlander refels,
If they be no knaves, they'r no rebels:
I doubt any Logician can
A rebel prove an honeſt man.
What are they then? wee need n'adviſe,
They'r poor folks, large as daft as wiſe.
If they be ſuch, and wiſh you well,
As others of their actions tell,
When in the *Engliſh* Troupers faces
They you remembred in their Graces.
That there may be a ſolid peace,

Remove

Remove the cauſe, th'effect will ceaſe.
Take notice of thoſe whimſey Books,
Which in effect are heterodox.
If once thoſe Preachers mend their lives,
There will be no Stone-throwing Wives.
Forbid them ſcandalize the Leidges,
By drinking healths to Ports and Bridges,
To Whore of *Babel*, and to Giggs,
And to preveen complaints of Whiggs,
To ſcratch their skin, cut Caps and Cloaths,
And ſwear 'twas Whiggs, with monſtrous oaths
But ſee misfortune and miſhap,
For ſcratch of Skin, and cut of Cap
Examined to ſtricteſt rigours,
Had different Geometrick Figures.
Though Cap was hither mov'd and thither,
The wounds could ne're agree together.
Such ſcandal makes the Goſpel ſtink,
Such Books and Prieſts remov'd, I think
We'll keep the nine and twenty *May*-day,
On Thurſday, Saturnday, or Friday;
On Tueſday, Wedneſday, and Munday,
Or any other day but Sunday.
Yea, Sir, when ye have ought adoe,

To hazard lives and fortunes too.
We will be ready at your call,
Else plague of God upon us all.

Obſerving how they all eſpy'd him,
Cheifly how all the Ladies ey'd him;
Was none among them all ſo coy,
Whom he had not made laugh for joy:
Believing, of them all was ſcarce one
That honoured not his parts and perſon.
He ears begins to prick, and neigh too,
Juſt like a Ston'd Horſe in a Meadow:
Yet curbing, as he could, his paſſion,
Till he ſhould better learn the faſhion:
He made a Congee, and got him down,
To ſee the rar'ties of the Town.

How he did viſit *Bedlam* fool-men,
And diſputed with *Greſham*-School-men;
Diſcourſing of their Pigs and Whiſtles,
And ſtrange experiments of Muſcls,
Of Reſurections of Ratts,
And of the Language us'd by Catts,
When in the night they go a Cating,
And fall a ſcolding and a prating:

Of their blood borrowing and lending,
And all the Ancients wiſdom mending;
Perhaps ye'll hear another time,
When I want Money and get Rhime.
I have no leaſure for it now
Let it ſuffice, to tell you how,
That going home-wards near to High-gate,
His Muſe had on her ſuch a gay foot,
That ſeeing *London* flee his view,
He ſtands, and bids it thus, *Adieu.*

From hard Calamities of Wars,
and ruines cauſ'd by fire,
A noble work thou doſt ariſe,
like *Phenix* from it's Sire.
How ſtately Buildings thee adorn,
and Towers which ſmite the Sky,
Whoſe Bells do, by their melody,
Apollo's Harp out-vy.
More famous, skilful Artiſans,
the world never had:
Thy Merchands worth Nobilitates,
the wealth he gets by Trade.
Thy Biſhops zeal and Pietie

up through the Heavens do flee;
Thy Magistrats, who thee govern,
might *Roman* Consuls be.
Immortal vertues eloquence,
and deep insight of mind;
Thy Muses, those of *Pallas* Town
are not a jot behind.
And as the Sun, unto the world
communicats his light;
So by thy Kings resplendant beams,
brave Town, thou shines so bright.
So *Rome* arose, after the *Gaules*
had it destroy'd by flame.
Till in the end, the worlds bounds
and Romes, did prove the same.
London, that path by the begun,
if thou insist upon,
Strange, if the Worlds Empire and thine
in end prove not the same.
But now, thy buildings flee my sight,
thy Towres go out of view,
I bid thee then, with weeping eyes,
most generous Town, *Adieu.*

The ſame in Latine.

Poſt diras belli clades, flammæque ruinas,
e cinere ut Phœnix *nobile ſurgis opus.*
Quam dicorant Ædes, ferientes ſidere tur-
pulſibus abjecta ceſſit Apollo *lyra:* (*res;*
Artifices clari majore & acumine nuſquam,
mercator meritis nobilitavit opes;
Præſulis inſignis pietas perfregit Olympum;
Conſulibus potuit Roma vetuſta Regi;
Moribus eloquio, mentiſq; indagine muſis:
attica non major docta Camæna *tuis:*
Ut *Phœbus mundum perfundit lumine Regis*
ſic ſplendes radiis Urbs generoſa tui.
Gallica ſic crevit poſt dira incendia Roma
tandem idem limes orbis et urbis erat:
Londinum incepto ſi pergas tramite mirum!
imperium fuerit ni orbis & urbis idem.
Nunc Ædes viſum fugiunt, ſubſidere turres
aſpicio lacrimans; urbs generoſa, Vale.

FINIS.